★July 26, 1947

THE NEW YORKER

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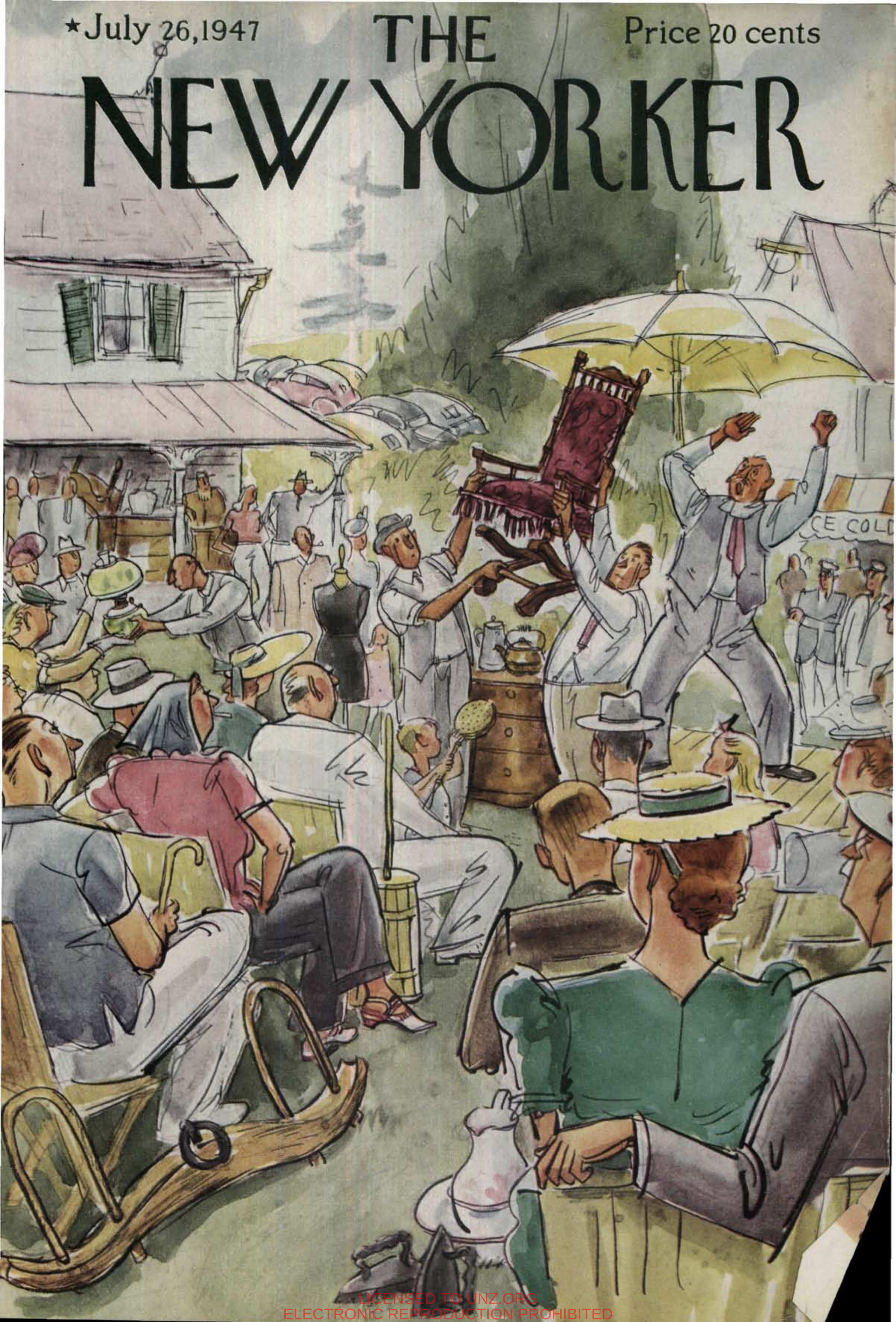

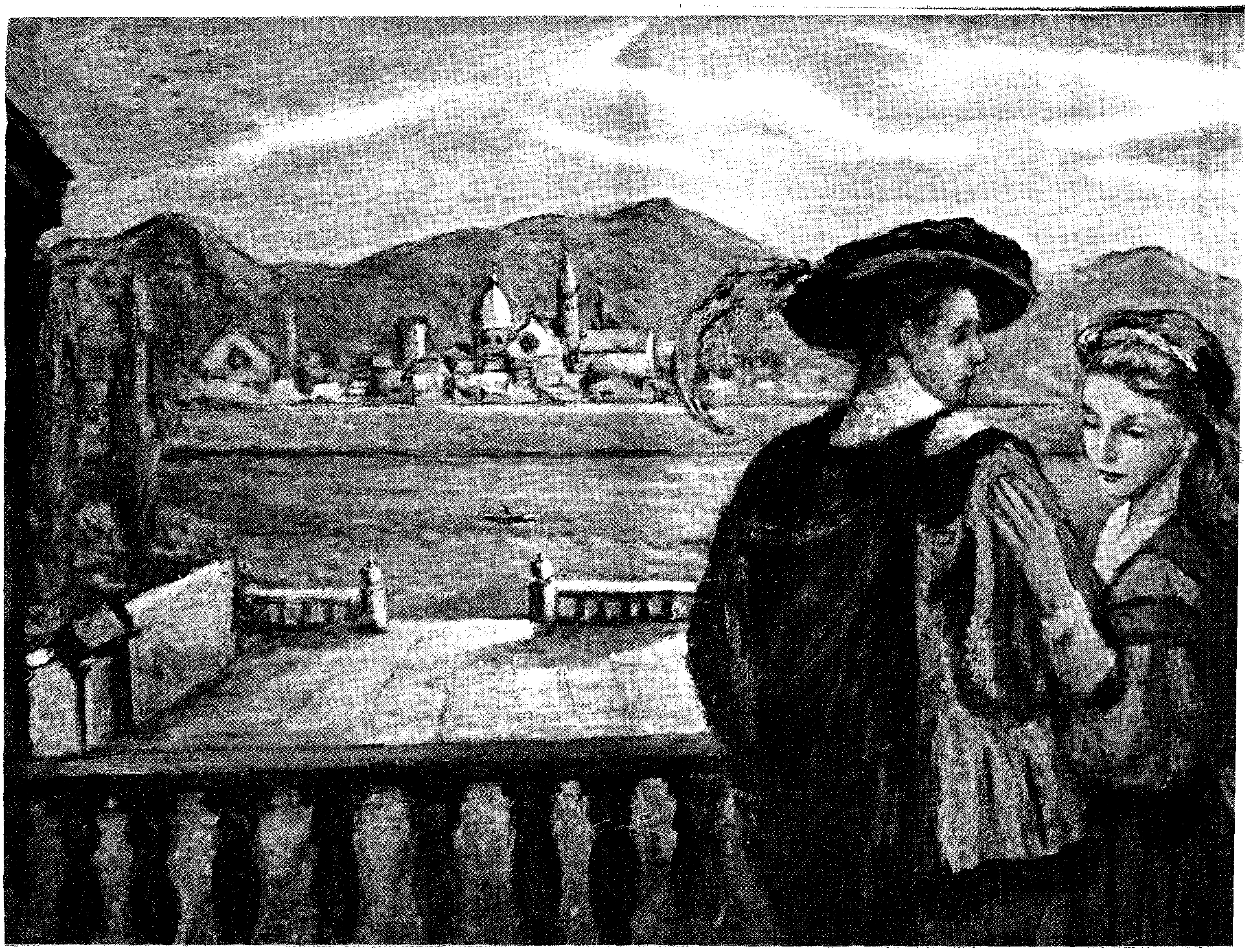

Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet," interpreted by Peter Lauck for the Capehart Collection. The painting is set in a Verona courtyard. At the left is the Capulet orchard. Juliet sadly turns her face from the dawn's arrival, for on this new day she and her lover must part forever. Reproductions from the Capehart Collection may be obtained at nominal cost from Capehart dealers or the Capehart Division.

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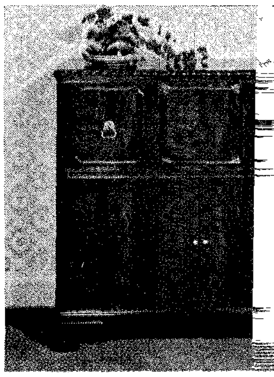

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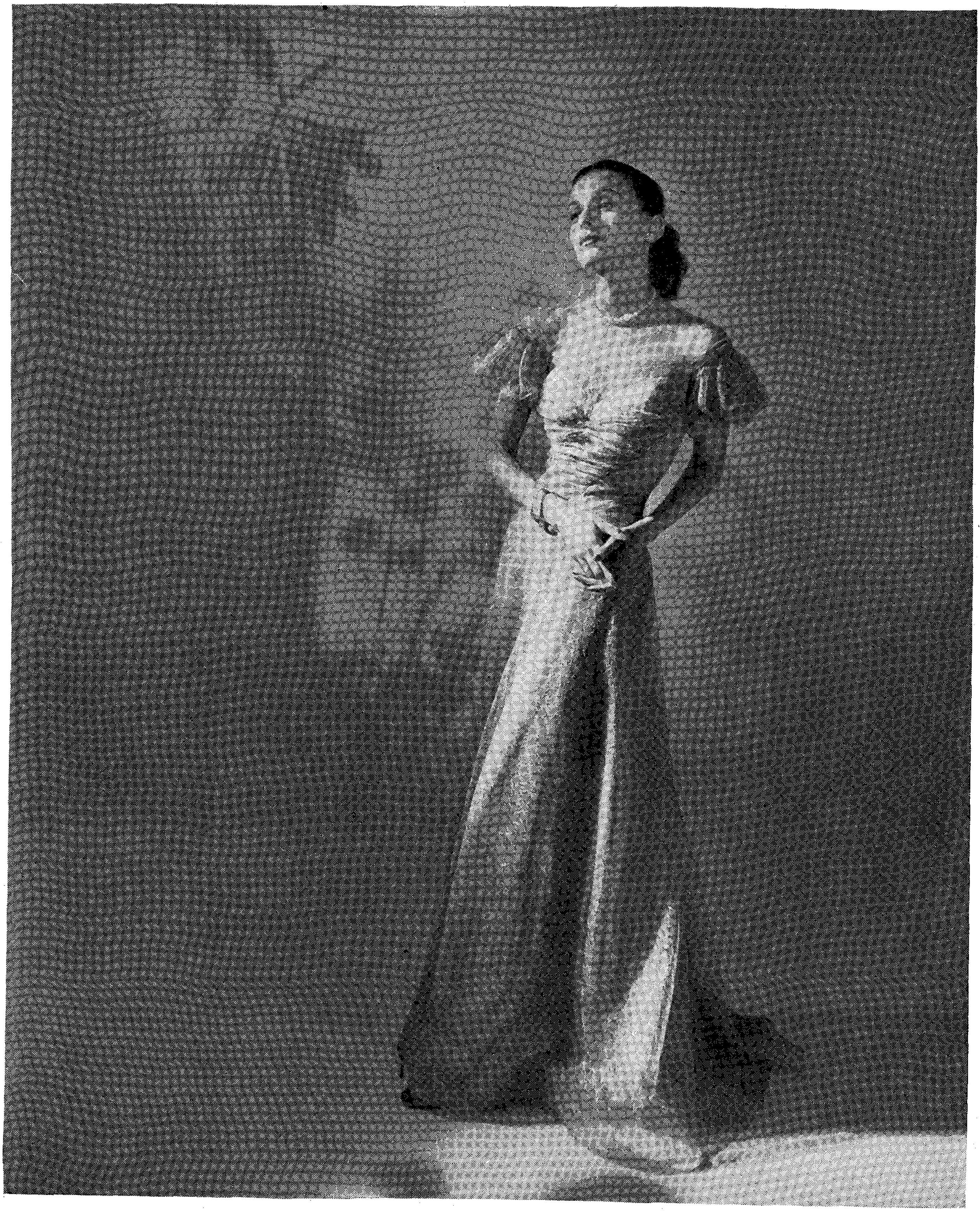

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All My Sons—Arthur Miller's well-meant, sometimes eloquent play dealing with war profits and war ideals, which could do with a leaner and less tricky plot. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Burlesque—The old play about a drunken comedian. It doesn't seem as dramatic as it did in 1927, but it is just as comic, thanks largely to Bert Lahr's first-rate performance. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

John Loves Mary—There are some laughs, and a number of bogus characters and situations, in this dapperly tailored farce by Norman Krasna. With Nina Foch, William Prince, and Loring Smith. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rip Van Winkle—This may have been wonderful with Joe Jefferson, but in modern hands it is pretty painful. First of a series of repertory presentations by a company that includes Philip Bourneuf, Grace Coppin, Frances Reid, and Haila Stoddard. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 26.)

A Young Man's Fancy—No need to give it a second thought. It broods vaguely over life in a summer camp for boys, and gets better acting than it deserves from Lenore Lonergan and Ronnie Jacoby. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—BORN YESTERDAY: Judy Holliday in the one about a conniving junk dealer. Sam Sweet is filling in for Paul Douglas. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **HAPPY BIRTHDAY:** Helen Hayes as the girl who has herself a hell of a time at a bar. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **HARVEY:** James Stewart has replaced Frank Fay as the pal of that rabbit. He is very engaging, but Mr. Fay's performance had a little more bite. Josephine Hull is still superb. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **STATE OF THE UNION:** Ralph Bellamy and Kay Francis in the Crouse-Lindsay comedy about Republican politics and principles. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE:** The sergeant on a weekend pass. Currently with Louisa Horton, Peggy French, and Boyd Crawford. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

MUSICALS

Brigadoon—Scottish accents run wild in this rich, handsome fantasy, which has melodious music, a tender spirit, and not much in the way of comedy. David Brooks, Marion Bell, and Pamela Britton. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Finian's Rainbow—An inordinately whimsical piece about the capers of a leprechaun in the Southern poll-tax country, pulled together by the excellent dancing and tuneful singing of a gay and gifted cast. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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The Medium and **The Telephone**—Two graceful and ingenious chamber operas, composed and written by Gian-Carlo Menotti and performed flawlessly by Marie Powers, Evelyn Keller, Marilyn Cotlow, and Frank Rogier. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sweethearts—This was never the best of Victor Herbert's shows, but that makes no difference, since it is now just a framework for Bobby Clark to swarm over, with loyal assistance from June Knight, Marjorie Gateson, and Mark Dawson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—ANNIE GET YOUR GUN: The Ethel Merman frolic. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CALL ME MISTER:** Converting G.I.s to civilian use. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!:** It's indestructible. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Icetime of 1948—Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(In this listing, you may come across a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in the country. Dates and program schedules are often subject to revision.)

Abingdon—Thursday, July 24: "State of the Union." Friday and Saturday, July 25-26: "Payment Deferred." Monday and Tuesday, July 28-29: "The Hasty Heart." Wednesday and Thursday, July 30-31: "Years Ago." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2: "State of the Union." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Bar Harbor—Through Saturday, July 26: Louise Allbritton in "Holiday." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Jean Parker in "Dream Girl." (Bar Harbor Playhouse, Bar Harbor, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:30.)

Bennington—Through Saturday, July 26: "What a Life!" Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: "The Trial of Mary Dugan." (Bennington Drama Festival, Bennington, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Brattleboro—Through Saturday, July 26: "Night Must Fall." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Lois Wilson and Eddie Nugent in "Kiss and Tell." (Brattleboro Summer Theatre, Brattleboro, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Bridgehampton—Through Saturday, July 26: Sheila Barrett in "Dulcy." Tuesday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 2: "Streets of New York." (Hampton Playhouse, Bridgehampton, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40.)

Burlington—Through Sunday, July 27: Julie Haydon in "Joan of Lorraine." Tuesday through Sunday, July 29-Aug. 3: Julie Haydon in "The Time of Your Life." (St. Michael's Playhouse, Burlington, Vt. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, July 26: Anton Dolin in a new play, "So Small a Worm." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Uta Hagen and Paula Laurence in "Dark Eyes." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, July 26: William Harrigan in "Years Ago." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Elissa Landi in "Theatre." (South Shore Players, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Sunday, July 27: "Morning's at Seven." Tuesday through Sunday, July 29-Aug. 3: "The Man Who Came to Dinner." (Cragsmoor Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 26: Jean Parker in "Dream Girl." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Luise Rainer in "Joan of Lorraine." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, July 26: Ilka Chase in Lynn Riggs' new play, "Laughter from a Cloud." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: "The Shape of Things," a musical-comedy tryout. (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45.)

Falmouth—Through Saturday, July 26: A new play, "The Monday Man." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: "The Late George Apley." (Tanglewood Theatre, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Gloucester—Through Saturday, July 26: "The Glass Menagerie." Tuesday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 2: "Personal Appearance." (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:45.)

Greenwich—Through Saturday, July 26: Arthur Treacher in "The Ghost Train." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Jane Pickens in a new musical comedy, "After Hours." (Greenwich Playhouse, Greenwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Guilford—Through Saturday, July 26: Constance Dowling in a new play, "Strawberries in January." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Diana Barrymore in "Joan of Lorraine." (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Ithaca—Through Sunday, July 27: "Topaze." Tuesday through Sunday, July 29-Aug. 3: "Joan of Lorraine." (Finger Lakes Drama

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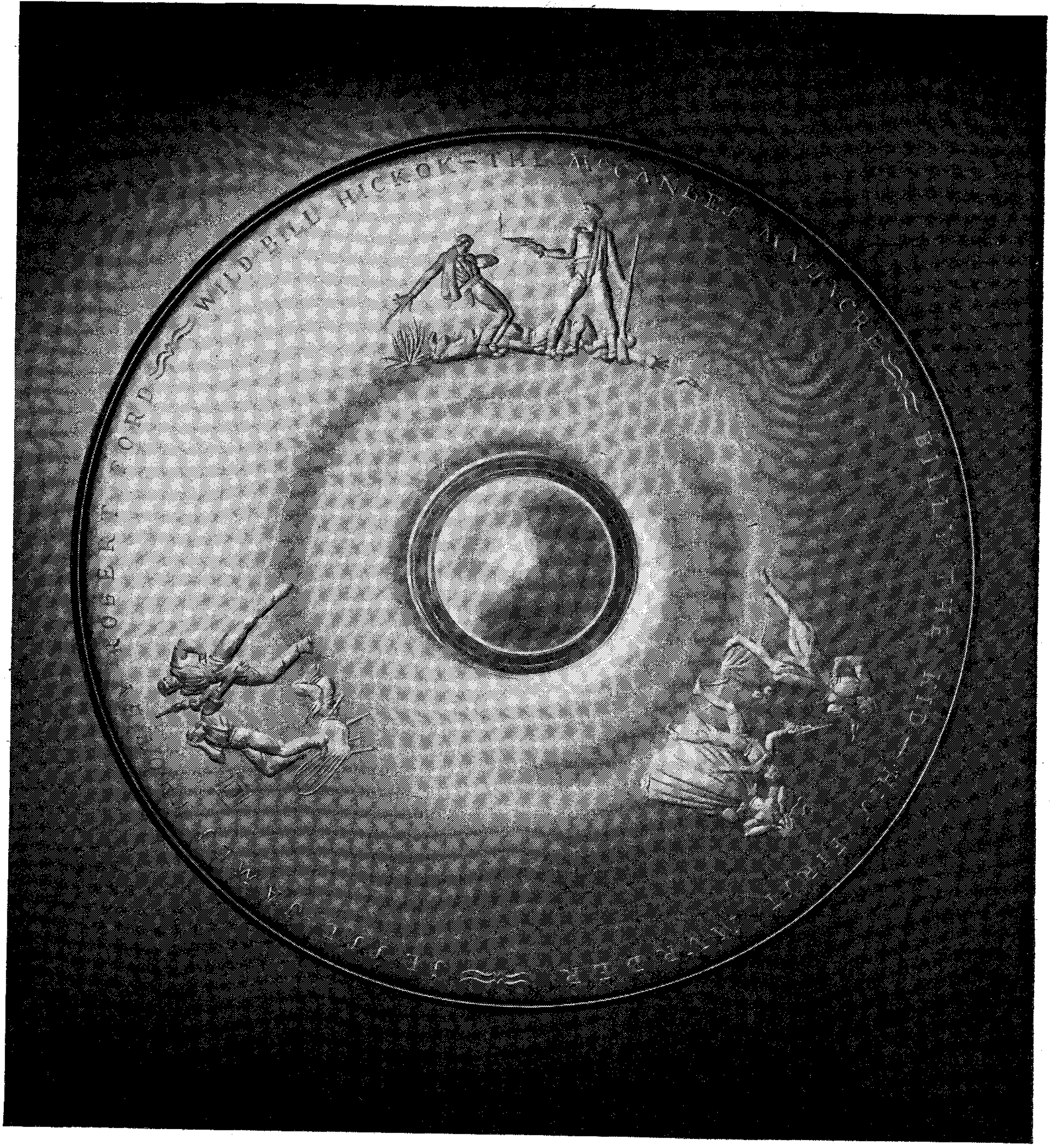
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Festival, Ithaca, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, July 26: Lillian Gish in "The Marquise." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Zasu Pitts in "The Late Christopher Bean." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, July 26: "Candlelight." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: "Ah, Wilderness." (Kennebunkport Playhouse, Kennebunkport, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:15.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 26: "State of the Union." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: "Joan of Lorraine." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

Middlebury—Through Saturday, July 26: "Joan of Lorraine." Tuesday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 2: "The Fatal Weakness." (Green Mountain Playhouse, Middlebury, Vt. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Millburn—"The Desert Song." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mount Kisco—Through Saturday, July 26: "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Frank McHugh in "Ah, Wilderness." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Moylan—Thursday, July 24: "An American Tragedy." Friday, July 25: "The Inheritors." Saturday, July 26, and Wednesday, July 30: "Androcles and the Lion." Thursday, July 31: "The Emperor Jones." Friday, Aug. 1: "Among Ourselves." Saturday, Aug. 2: "Uncle Vanya." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays, at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, July 26: "State of the Union." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Milford—Through Sunday, July 27: "March Hares." Wednesday through Sunday, July 30-Aug. 3: "Johnny Belinda." (Theatre-in-the-Dale, New Milford, Conn. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesdays, at 8:45.)

Newport—Through Saturday, July 26: "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: "Wallflower." (Newport Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 26: "Best Foot Forward." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Judith Evelyn in "Joan of Lorraine." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, July 27: "Chicken Every Sunday." Tuesday through Sunday, July 29-Aug. 3: "Invitation to a Murder." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: "Claudia." (Playhouse, Stearns Farm, Peterborough, N.H. Nightly, except Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays, at 8:40.)

Plymouth—Through Saturday, July 26: "Blithe Spirit." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Gloria Swanson in "A Goose for the Gander." (Priscilla Beach Theatre, Plymouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Princeton—Through Saturday, July 26: William Eythe in "Dear Ruth." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Nancy Carroll and Neil Hamilton in "State of the Union." (Princeton Drama Festival, McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, July 26: "Diff'rent." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: "The Plough and the Stars." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

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Saratoga Springs—Through Sunday, July 27: Freddie Bartholomew in "Pursuit of Happiness." Tuesday through Sunday, July 29-Aug. 3: Miriam Hopkins in "There's Always Juliet." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:35.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 26: "The Vortex." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: "State of the Union." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 26: The Hartmans in a musical-comedy tryout, "Heaven Help the Angels." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Jane Cowl in "The First Mrs. Fraser." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Suffern—Through Saturday, July 26: José Ferrer in "Goodbye Again." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Louella Gear in "Yes, My Darling Daughter." (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Westport—Through Saturday, July 26: Buddy Ebsen in "The Male Animal." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Henry Morgan in "The Man Who Came to Dinner." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, July 27: "Joan of Lorraine." Tuesday through Sunday, July 29-Aug. 3: "Primrose Path." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

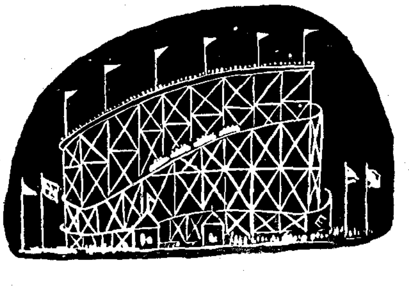
Ambassador Garden, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—Deep and cool as an apple cellar, but somewhat more opulent. Basil Fomeen's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Cascades, on the nineteenth floor, offers profuse greenery, songs by wakeful canaries, and dancing to Ray Heatherton's orchestra. Cardini, the magician, who appears at dinner and supper, will be replaced by Rosario and Antonio, the dancers, beginning Wednesday, July 30.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—It only *looks* like a Coney Island fun house; in other respects it's a smoothly functioning establishment, with piano music during dinner and Joel Shaw's dance orchestra afterward. Dancing starts at seven on Saturdays and Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—About the last word in summer verandas, with chandeliers, plenty of room to dance, and no mosquitoes. Paul Sparr's orchestra.



Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the urbane Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band play non-stop music. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Carl Ravazza, a singer. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band play for dancing.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Guy Lombardo's orchestra is now in command of the Starlight Roof, with Mischa Borr's band helping out around midnight.... ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Piano playing after nine o'clock by Cy Walter, and at cocktails and dinner by Les Crosley.... **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Sprightly music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band in this lively corner. ... **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Mary Lou Williams, who feels her way around a keyboard with a great deal of ingenuity and discernment, and James MacColl, who has a neat way with impersonations; Buck Clayton's orchestra. A new show, with Rose Murphy and Dave Martin's orchestra, will move in on Tuesday, July 29. ... **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox at the piano after ten-thirty. ... **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music. (Closed on Saturdays and Sundays during the summer.) ... **CAFÉ PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900): A small orchestra plays for tea dancing and at dinner and supper.... **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Les Crosley at the piano after nine.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Walter Gross at the piano after ten.... **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Casual piano music. ... **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): George Kent at the piano until nine. ... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty. ... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin atmosphere and Latin music.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st (CI 6-4122): Lou Holtz, Bert Wheeler, Barry Wood, Patsy Kelly, and Diosa Costello, all cheering each other on with a terrible lot of noise and few results.... **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Mitzi Green and Mel Tormé, a singer whose aim is, apparently, to be as intimate as a carpet slipper, will be here until Lena Horne arrives, on Thursday, July 31. Dance music by Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band. ... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Willie Howard, who invented vaudeville just after the Civil War, and a new floor show.

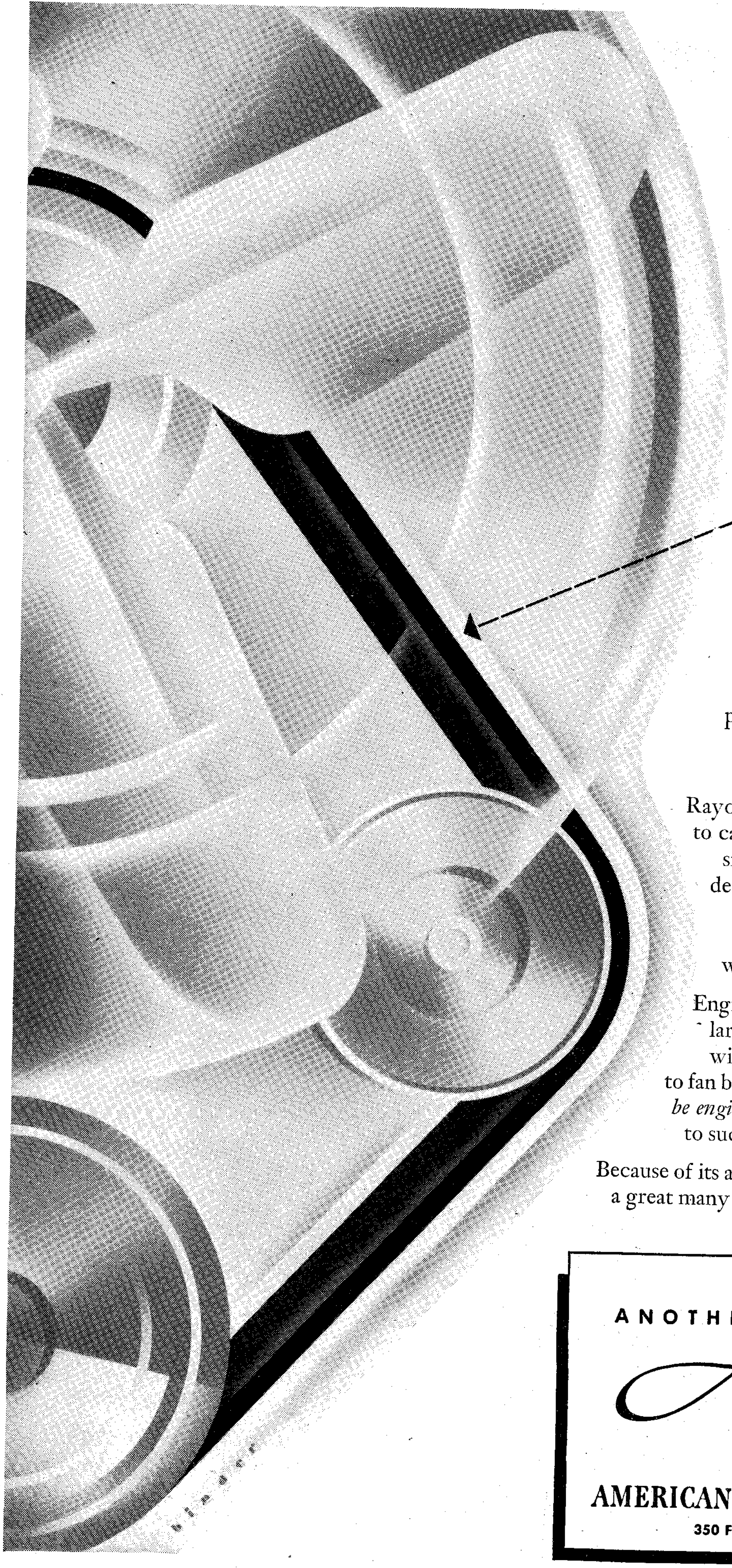
SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): An unimportant summer show.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Maxine Sullivan, Jay Marshall, and the Three Flames, brightening this jaunty tunnel. Dancing.... **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (EL 5-9215): A ramshackle old bird-nest where you will hear some brisk humor by Louise Howard, and Spivy shouting her familiar songs about life's uncertainties.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): A convenient combination of chophouse and hot-music hall, offering Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, Joe Sullivan, and others of the same cut. On Tuesday evenings, associate professors of the art are likely to drop in for a turn. ... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Ernie Caceres, Muggsy Spanier, and their colleagues, all working at what can truthfully be called full blast. Thursday night is visitors' night here.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Bud Freeman's trio,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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MOSTLY FOR DANCING

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra.... PENNSYLVANIA, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Skitch Henderson's orchestra.

SUMMER SPOTS

ST. MORITZ ROOF, 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): Way up near the stars and the moon and the advertising blimp. Alfred Menconi's orchestra.... TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700): The boskiest dell south of 110th Street; dance music.... CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Drive at 124th St. (MO 2-8600): A vantage point for a study of the Palisades; dancing.... BOSSERT ROOF, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100): Shining like a tea tray in the Brooklyn sky; dancing.

OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—GLEN ISLAND CASINO, New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Victor Lombardo's orchestra.... CHANTICLER, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergere's orchestra.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Some comfortable places to dine within motoring distance of the city—BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Sejour (Hicksville 91).... SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016).... HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.: Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on weekends.... MANHASSET, L.I.: Mori (Manhasset 1842).... EAST NORWICH, L.I.: Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 266).... ROSLYN, L.I.: Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 253).... CENTERPORT, L.I.: Old Water Mill Inn (Northport 844); dancing on weekends.... WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (Westbury 839).... GARRISON, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342).... DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.: Old Drovers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781).... FISHKILL, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167).... WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.: Wendover Farms (Wappingers Falls 451).... TARRYTOWN, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031).... DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548).... RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 932), and Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232).... WESTON, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330).... WESTPORT, CONN.: Red Barn (Westport 2-3971).... NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Fridays.)

ALL-SUMMER SHOWS—At the BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: Works by Ryder, Blakelock, and other nineteenth-century Americans, as well as by some moderns.... CHINESE, 38 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of paintings by Ralph Rosenborg, George Constant, and other artists affiliated with this gallery.... CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: The gallery's usual exhibitors.... DURAND-RUEL, 12 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century French paintings, and some American moderns; through July 31.... FERARGIL, 63 E. 57th St.: Contemporary and Early American oils and water colors.... KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings.... PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.: Darrel Austin, Nahum Tschacbasov, and others of this gallery's artists.... ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St.: Oils by Max Weber, Milton Avery, and other present-day painters, and some nineteenth-century French work.... WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Paintings by French and American nineteenth-century artists, including Degas, Pissarro, Cézanne, and Homer.... BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Works, ranging from the representational to the abstract, by fifteen painters and three sculptors.

PAUL KLEE—A set of exquisite little drawings, dating mostly from the early nineteen-twenties and newly arrived in this country. (Nierendorf, 53 E. 57th St.; through July 31.)

GROUPS—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: A summer survey of this house's activities in the fields of both contemporary painting and folk art; through Aug. 8.... MACBETH, 11 E. 57th St.: The gallery's group, including Joseph de Martini, Ogden Pleissner, and Carl Gaertner; through July 31.... MIDTOWN, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Doris Rosenthal, Waldo Peirce, and others, selected from last season's shows; through Aug. 16.... PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57th St.: The gallery's roster, including B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Amédée Ozenfant, and others; through July 31.... LEVITT, 16 W. 57th St.: Water colors by Virginia Berresford, Isaac Lane Muse, and others; Mondays through Fridays, 12 noon to 5 P.M.; through July 31.... SALPETER, 128 E. 56th St.: Paintings by gallery members; 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 1.

OUT OF TOWN—Mystic Art Association, Mystic, Conn. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1:30 to 5 P.M.) ... ¶ Lyme Art Association, Old Lyme, Conn. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 6 P.M.) ... ¶ Silvermine Guild of Artists, Silvermine, Conn. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6 P.M.) ... ¶ Woodstock Artists Association, Woodstock, N.Y. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.) ... ¶ Rockport Art Association, Rockport, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 6 P.M.) ... ¶ North Shore Arts Association, Gloucester, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.) ... ¶ Ogunquit Art Association, Ogunquit, Maine. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 5 P.M.) ... ¶ Ogunquit Art Center, Ogunquit, Maine. (Daily, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.) ... ¶ Guild Hall, East Hampton, N.Y. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Sundays, 3 to 6 P.M.) ... ¶ Addison Gallery, Andover, Mass. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 2:30 to 5 P.M.) ... ¶ Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield, Mass. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 5 P.M.) ... ¶ Provincetown Art Association, Provincetown, Mass. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 2 to 6 P.M.)

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Part of the Museum's collection of stone portrait sculpture, from ancient Egyptian pieces to present-day ones. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A loan show of modern Jewish paintings, in addition to an interesting display of ceremonial objects. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through the summer.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Dutch paintings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries looted from Holland by the Nazis, recovered by the U.S. Army, and now here on loan from the Netherlands government; through July 31.... ¶ An exhibition of sculptures by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans; through the summer. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An Alfred Stieglitz memorial exhibition, covering his career both as photographer and as art patron and dealer. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays, until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.; through Aug. 31.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54th St.—A loan show, including paintings by Hilla Rebay, Jean Xceron, and Lloyd Ney. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Lewisohn Stadium are held on most clear evenings at 8:30. The schedule for this week and next follows. Thursday, July 24: Hans Schwieger conducting, with Helen Traubel, soprano.... ¶ Saturday, July 26: Paul Lavalle conducting, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin.... ¶ Monday, July 28: Bernard Herrmann conducting, with William Kapell, piano. ... ¶ Tuesday, July 29: Bernard Herrmann conducting; no soloists.... ¶ Wednesday, July 30: Bernard Herrmann conducting, with Gerald Warburg, cello, and Clara Rockmore, theremin.... ¶ Thursday, July 31: Richard Korn conducting, with Sidney Foster, piano. ... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2: Richard Korn con-

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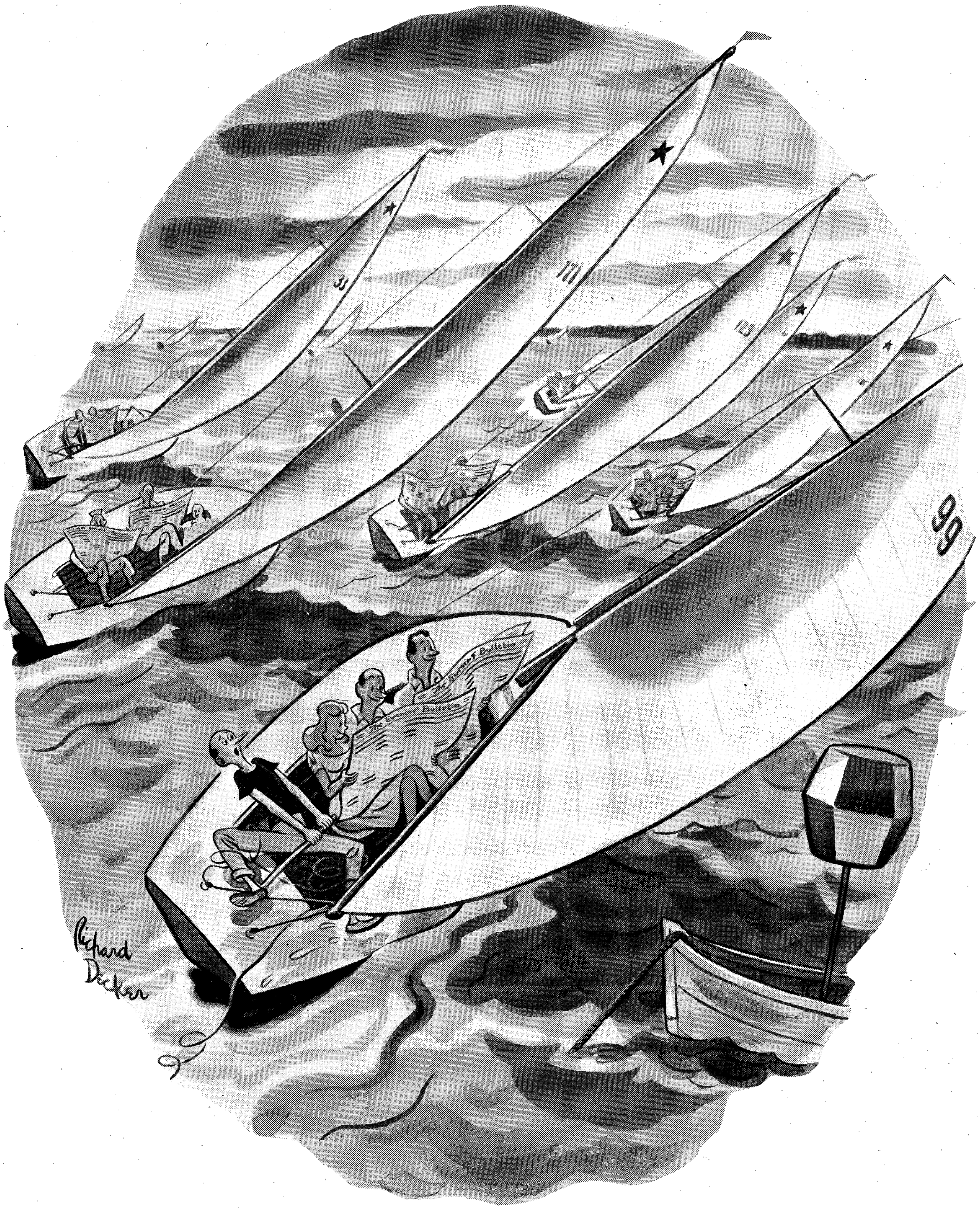
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ducting, with Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe, two pianos. (Tickets at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., AU 3-3400; and in the lobby of the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

Vatican Choir—Fifty-four male singers from churches in Rome, in an *a cappella* concert, directed by Msgr. Licinio Refice. (Polo Grounds. Saturday evening, Aug. 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

Opera—"Hänsel and Gretel" and "La Serva Padrona," both in English. (Lemonade Opera, Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360 or WA 9-4868. Sunday through Tuesday evenings, July 27-29, at 8:40.)

Juilliard Concerts—Thursday, July 24: Conrad Held, viola. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25: Jane Carlson, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 29: Muriel Kerr, piano, and Naoum Benditzky, cello. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 30: Louis Persinger, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 31: Josef Raieff, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1: Lonny Epstein, piano. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Afternoons at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the annual series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings at 8:30.) . . . ¶ City Amateur Symphony Orchestra, Leopold Prince conducting. (Saturday evening, July 26, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Naumburg Memorial Concert, Leonardo Pavone conducting. (Thursday evening, July 31, at 8:15.)

Out of Town—The Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Berkshire Music Festival. Serge Koussevitzky conducting: Thursday evening, July 24, at 8:15; Saturday evening, July 26, at 8:15, with William Primrose, viola; Tuesday evening, July 29, at 7, with no soloists, and at 8:30, with Ella Goldstein, piano; Thursday evening, July 31, at 8:15; and Saturday evening, Aug. 2, at 8:15, with Jacob Lateiner, piano. Leonard Bernstein conducting: Sunday afternoon, July 27, at 3:30. (Tanglewood, at Lenox, Mass.) . . . ¶ Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival. Friday and Saturday afternoon, July 25-26, at 4, and Saturday evening, July 26, at 8:30: Operatic and ballet excerpts from "Tannhäuser." Friday evening, Aug. 1, at 6:15: A complete performance, in English, of "Tristan and Isolde." (Jacob's Pillow, Lee, Mass.) . . . ¶ Chamber-music concert by the Gordon String Quartet. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sunday afternoon, July 27, at 4, and Friday afternoon, Aug. 1, at 3.) . . . ¶ The Colony Opera Guild presenting "The Pirates of Penzance." (Schroon Lake, N.Y. Friday evening, July 25, at 8:15.)

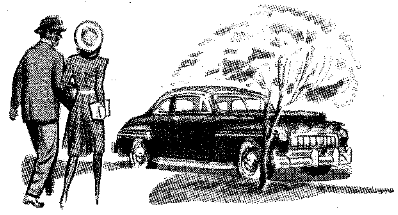
SPORTS

Baseball—Yankee Stadium—Thursday, July 24, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 25-26, at 2 P.M., and Sunday, July 27, at 2 P.M. (doubleheader), Yankees vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Monday, July 28, at 8:45 P.M., and Wednesday and Thursday, July 30-31, at 2 P.M., Yankees vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 2 P.M., and Saturday, Aug. 2, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader), Yankees vs. Cleveland.

Boxing—Friday, July 25: Ezzard Charles vs. Elmer Ray, heavyweights, 10 rounds. Friday, Aug. 1: Anton Raadik vs. Sonny Horne, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 30: Gus Lesnevich vs. Tami Mauriello, heavyweights, 10 rounds, in a benefit for the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund. (Ebbets Field. For information about tickets, call CO 5-6800. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I. Wednesday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 2.)

Horse Shows—Elmira Horse Show. (Elmira, N.Y. Friday through Sunday, July 25-27.) . . . ¶ Lakeville Horse Show. (Lakeville, Conn. Friday through Sunday, July 25-27.) . . .



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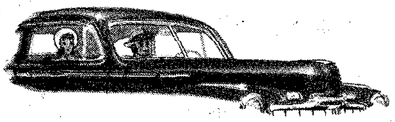

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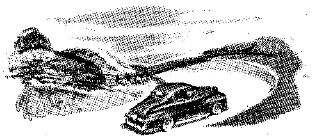

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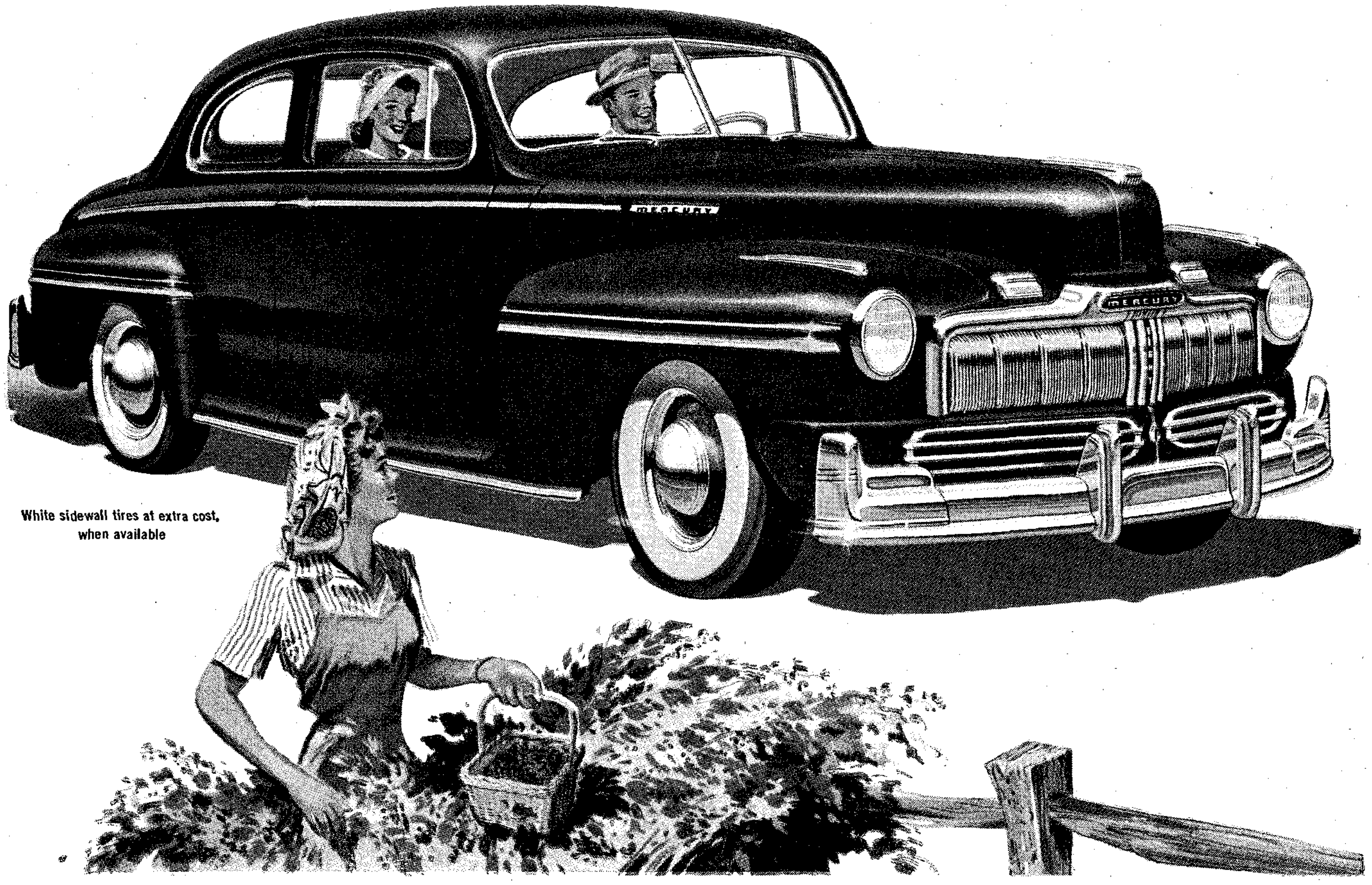

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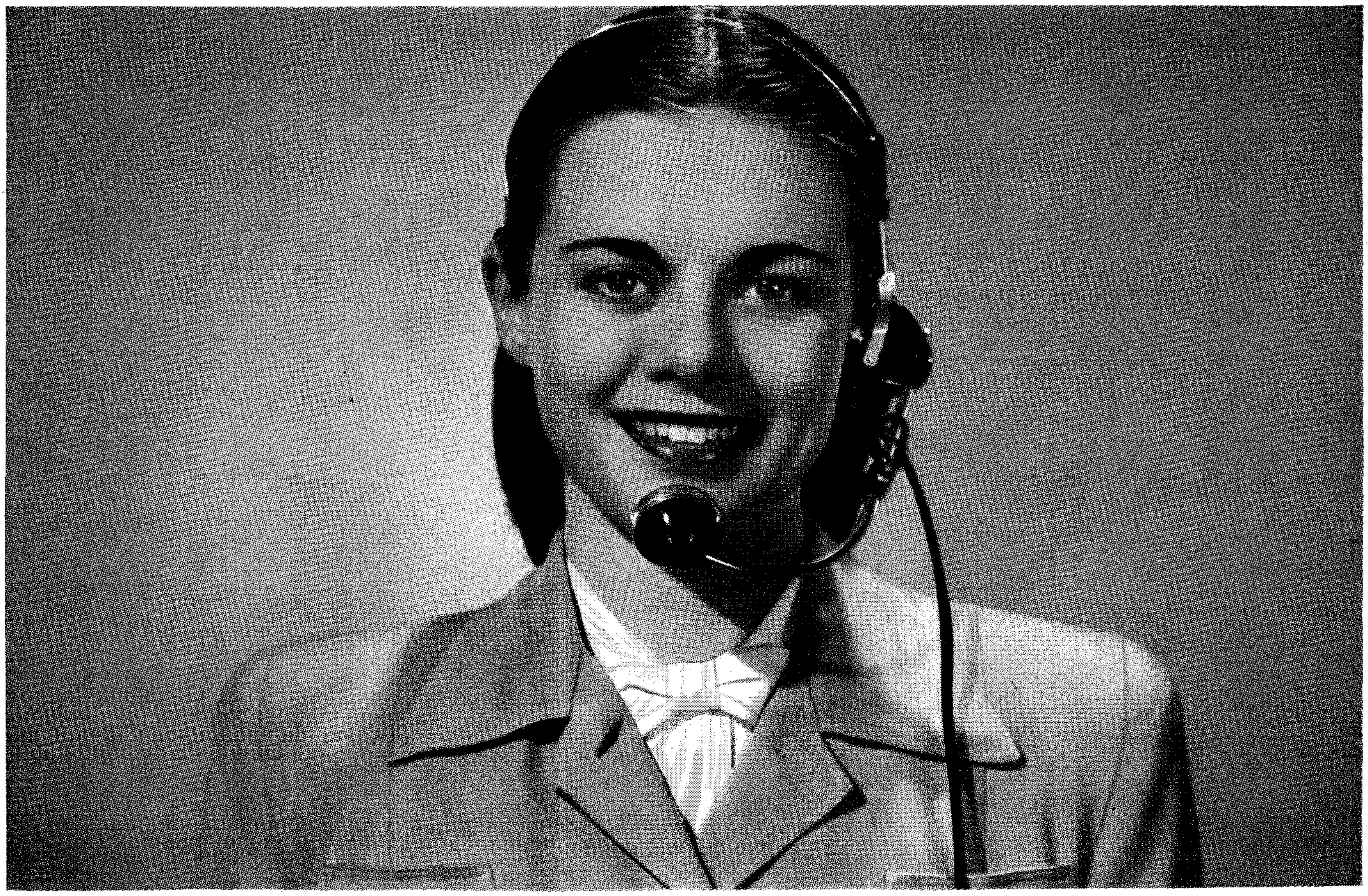

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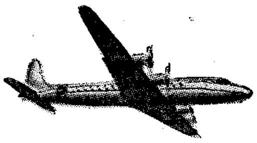

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Clarke County Horse Show. (Berryville, Va. Thursday and Friday, July 31-Aug. 1.)

Polo—At **bostwick field**, Westbury, L.I.: Handicap Polo Championship Tournament, Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . **meadow brook club**, Westbury, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . **blind brook polo club**, Purchase, N.Y.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . **fairfield county hunt club**, Westport, Conn.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M.

Racing—At **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; through Wednesday, July 30. (A special train leaves Penn Station Mondays through Fridays at 12:25 P.M., and Saturdays at 11:55 A.M.) . . . **saratoga at jamaica**: Weekdays at 1:30 P.M.; through Saturday, Aug. 2. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 A.M. and 1:10 P.M., and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.)

Tennis—Eastern Clay Court Championships. (Jackson Heights Tennis Club, Jackson Heights, L.I., HA 9-9312; Saturday, July 26.) . . . ¶ Seabright Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club Invitation Tournament. (Seabright, N.J.; through Sunday, July 27.) . . . ¶ Meadow Club Invitation Tournament. (Southampton, L.I. Monday, July 28.) . . . ¶ Maidstone Club Invitation Tournament. (East Hampton, L.I. Monday, July 28.) . . . ¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J.; starting Saturday, Aug. 2.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway**, Westbury, L.I.: Weekdays at 8:40 P.M. The American Trotting Championship, July 25. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.) . . . **saratoga springs, n.y.**: Weekdays at 8:15 P.M.; through Aug. 23.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont, N.Y.; through Sunday, July 27.) . . . ¶ New York Yacht Club Cruise. (Glen Cove, L.I.; starting Friday, Aug. 1.) . . . ¶ Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass.; starting Saturday, Aug. 2.) . . . ¶ Echo Bay Yacht Club Championship Race. (New Rochelle, N.Y. Saturday, Aug. 2.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—About two hundred visitors may look on during the open meetings of the Security Council, the Economic and Social Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. Other groups convene in smaller rooms, which have simultaneous-interpretation equipment. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, after 3 P.M. on the day before you want to go. Trains to Great Neck are met at frequent intervals by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "Science Makes Weather." On Friday, Aug. 1, this will give way to "Drama of the Telescope." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Fifty photographs of last-century New York slums, such as five-cent lodging houses, sweatshops, ragpickers' dens, and similar horrors, taken by Jacob A. Riis with one of the first flashlight cameras, in his efforts to interest the public in slum clearance. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.)

ON THE AIR

United Nations—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC.

Music—N.B.C. Symphony, Frank Black conducting, Sunday, July 27, at 5 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ C.B.S. Symphony, Herbert Menges conducting, Sunday, July 27, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ A.B.C. Symphony, Earl Wild conducting, Saturday, July 26, at 5 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Lewisohn Stadium concert, Bernard Herrmann conducting, Wednesday, July 30, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ Berkshire Music Festival, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Tuesday, July 29, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ.

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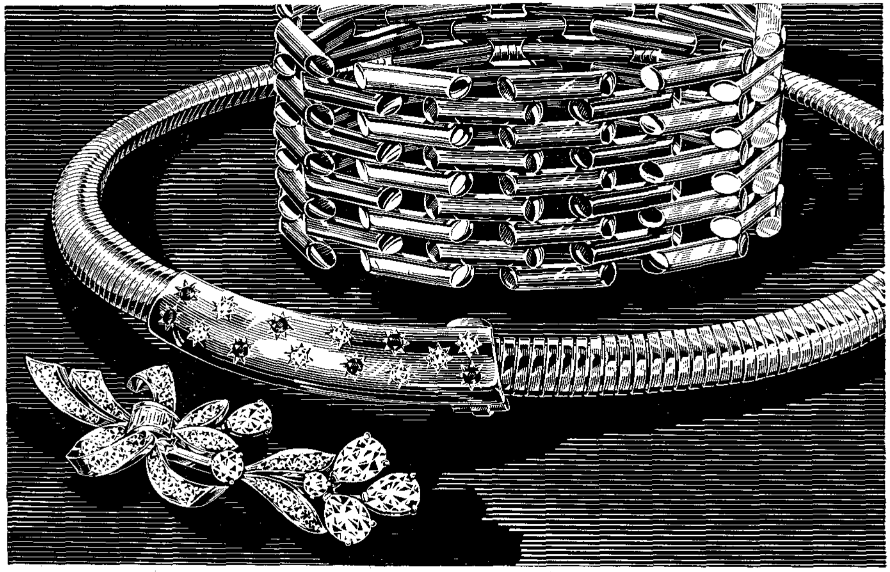

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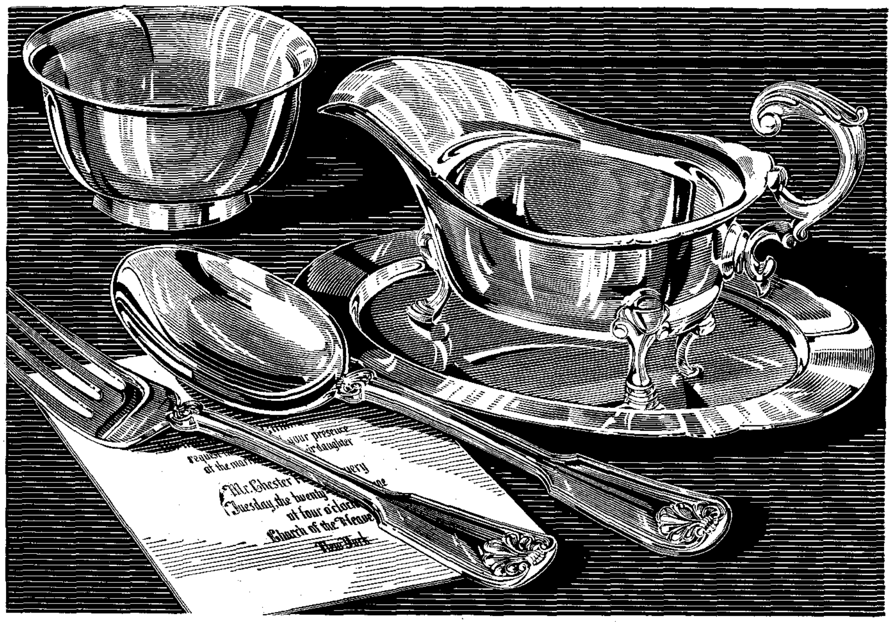

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

Angel and Sinner—De Maupassant's "Boule de Suif" and "Mademoiselle Fifi," put together in a film that is not as subtle as most French importations but quite comic in any case. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 24.)

The Best Years of Our Lives—The postwar difficulties of three veterans. At its best whenever Fredric March is conspicuous. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Boomerang!—A first-rate chronicle of an actual Connecticut murder trial. Dana Andrews heads a cast that includes a number of talented amateurs the producer picked up in Stamford, where the major part of the picture was shot. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting July 29. . . . ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; starting July 30.)

Crossfire—There wouldn't be much to this mystery film if it weren't for some frank and authentic talk about anti-Semitism. When it faces that problem, it does so squarely. Robert Ryan is effectively villainous as the Jew-baiter, and Sam Levene is wholly convincing as his victim. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

Dead of Night—A superior English melodrama, full of all kinds of mysterious doings, the most exciting of which is a sequence involving a ventriloquist who is overcome by the personality of his dummy. Michael Redgrave and a competent cast. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520; starting July 25. . . . ¶ Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; July 27-29.)

The Hucksters—A bowdlerized version of the Frederic Wakeman novel about advertising men and their peculiar ways, which has in its favor a couple of praiseworthy performances by Sydney Greenstreet and Adolphe Menjou. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, CO 5-1250.)

Jericho—Though this account of the French Resistance movement assays a high melodramatic content, it provides an estimable troupe of French character actors with a chance to deliver their stuff. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 25-28.)

The Late George Apley—John P. Marquand's novel was a good deal sharper than this, but for all the film's superficiality it is pretty entertaining. Ronald Colman, Percy Waram, Mildred Natwick, and Richard Haydn. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; July 26-29. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, CH 3-9395; starting July 29. . . . ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 30.)

The Magic Bow—The life of Paganini, on which this film was allegedly based, was certainly a lot more consequential than it's made out to be here, but some violin music provided, sub camera, by Yehudi Menuhin compensates in part for the silliness of the plot. With Stewart Granger and Phyllis Calvert. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through July 25.)

Miracle on 34th Street—An altogether pleasing fantasy about Santa Claus, Macy's, and psychiatry. With Edmund Gwenn. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting July 29. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; starting July 30.)

Odd Man Out—There's a hint, if only a hint, of "The Informer" in this film, and that's enough for a good recommendation. With James Mason. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; starting July 30.)

Open City—A powerful account of the workings of the Italian underground, produced in Rome after the city's liberation. In Italian. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Perils of Pauline—Betty Hutton whooping, whirling, and generally knocking herself out in an often funny attempt to relive a few of the interesting moments in the life of Pearl White. Also with Constance Collier, Billy De Wolfe, and William Demarest. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, BR 9-8738.)

The Raider—A spirited and handsome English combination of documentary and adventure story that deals authoritatively with the activities of Allied merchantmen during the war. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; July 28-30.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Humphrey Bogart and Barbara Stanwyck in an adaptation of the play, which has a few passages of grim liveliness. (R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; through July 28. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through July 29.)

The Well Digger's Daughter—Raimu is admirable in this French piece, which treats seduction and its embarrassing consequences with gaiety and understanding. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

The Yearling—A capital adaptation, by Paul Osborn, of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' novel. There are, however, a couple of oversweet boy-meets-fawn sequences. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; through July 25. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through July 26. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, CH 3-9395; July 26-28. . . . ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; July 27-29. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; starting July 30.)

REVIVALS

A Bell for Adano (1945)—John Hodiak, Gene Tierney, and William Bendix in the screen version of John Hersey's novel. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through July 25.)

Colonel Blimp (1945)—A British biography of a professional soldier, played by Roger Livesey. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; July 25-28. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting July 30.)

Fantasia (1940)—The Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, BR 9-2659.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—John Ford's reworking of the Steinbeck novel, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; July 28-29.)

The Great Waltz (1938)—Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, "The Blue Danube," and old Vienna. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; starting July 26.)

Immortal Sergeant (1943)—A British patrol lost in the Libyan desert. With Henry Fonda, Thomas Mitchell, and Maureen O'Hara. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; July 27-28.)

Lifeboat (1944)—Tallulah Bankhead and various other people torpedoed and set adrift by Alfred Hitchcock. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; July 27-29.)

Notorious (1946)—Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant in a Brazilian spy tale, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting July 28.)

Scarface (1932)—Early gangster piece, with Paul Muni and George Raft. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; July 28-29. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; July 29.)

The Sea Wolf (1941)—Jack London's story, revised once more. With Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, and John Garfield. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting July 29.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—A British comedy about a Scottish village and some dogs. Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through July 27.)

A Yank in London (1946)—Wartime romance between an American sergeant and the daughter of a duke. Rex Harrison, Anna Neagle, and Dean Jagger. An English picture. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, RH 4-9786; July 27-30.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. July 24: "Metropolis" (1926), directed by Fritz Lang. . . . ¶ July 25-27: "Ghosts Before Breakfast" (1927); "Berlin: Die Sinfonie der Grosstadt" (1927); and "Uberfall" (1929). . . . ¶ Starting July 28: "The Love of Jeanne Ney" (1927). Showings are held weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., Thursday evenings at 8, and Sundays at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. For information about tickets, call CI 5-8900.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES.

Broadway, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-2887)
"Copacabana," Carmen Miranda, Groucho Marx.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
THE HUCKSTERS.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Brute Force," Burt Lancaster, Hume Cronyn.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Wyoming," William Elliott, Vera Ralston.

Hollywood, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"Possessed," Joan Crawford, Van Heflin, Raymond Massey.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer," Shirley Temple, Cary Grant, Myrna Loy.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"They Won't Believe Me," Susan Hayward, Robert Young.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
PERILS OF PAULINE.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CROSSFIRE.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," Mark Stevens, June Haver.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through July 30: "High Barbaree," Van Johnson, June Allyson.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Cry Wolf," Errol Flynn, Barbara Stanwyck.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
"Gunfighters," Randolph Scott, Barbara Britton.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Slave Girl," Yvonne De Carlo, George Brent.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
FANTASIA, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER.

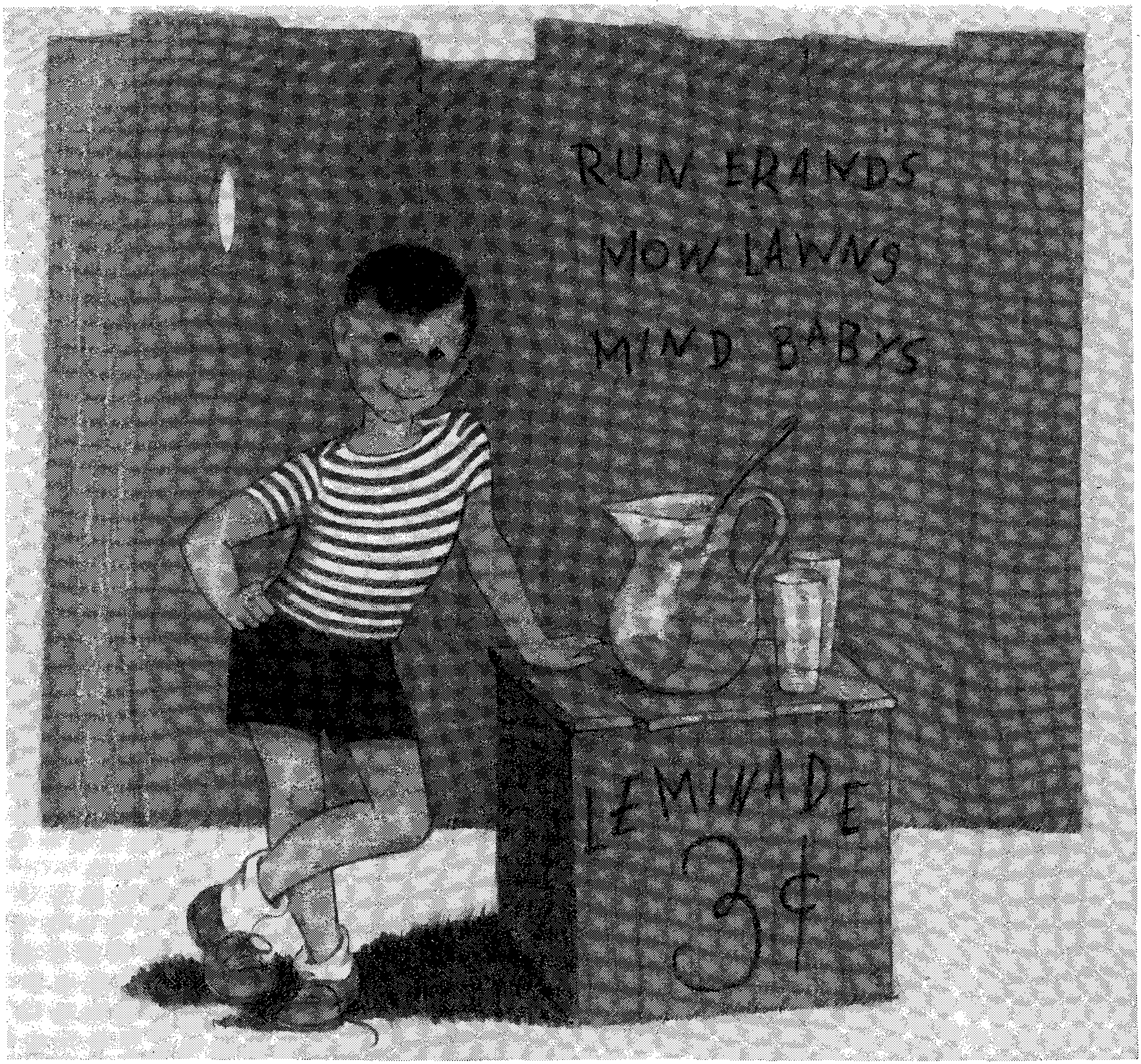
Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
"The Barber of Seville" (in Italian), Ferruccio Tagliavini.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through July 25: **THE MAGIC BOW.**
From July 26: **THE GREAT WALTZ**, revival.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
Through July 30: "Slave Girl," Yvonne De Carlo, George Brent.

Studio 65, B'way at 65th. (EN 2-4660)
"We Lived Through Buchenwald."

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
OPEN CITY.



Courtesy of Electric Companies Program

HELP LAUNCH A FUTURE CITIZEN ON A LEARNING-EARNING CAREER

BUTCH believes in enterprise—in old-fashioned "elbow-grease." He may not realize it but he follows the old proverb "God helps them that help themselves." This is just as true today as it was in Ben Franklin's time.

The odds may be against Butch. Help him and children like him to earn the things they want, including summer camps, travel to distant places and other advantages denied children of moderate means, by Work Ways methods. This is the American way.

Boys and girls can be useful, working at the many small jobs their neighborhoods afford, and earning money. The large increase (66%) in homes with both parents employed increases the need for Work Ways children.

Work Ways, Inc., gives children training in city or country in useful things as well as opportunity for fun, sports and trips. Training includes infant care and feeding, care of pets, and the home chores that keep a household going and in repair. Thus Work Ways members are equipped for earning vacation money during the winter months, in out-of-school hours.

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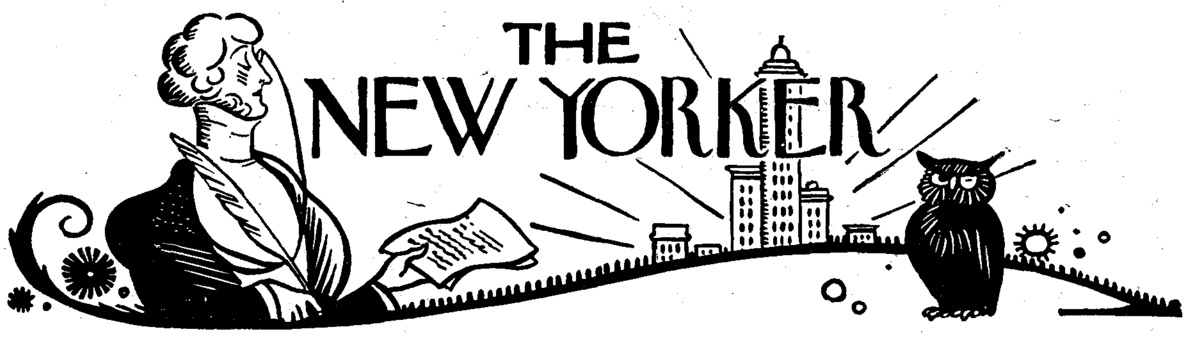
"THE WHISK" BY CAROLYN SCHNURER . . . THE NEW PINAFORE IN RICH COTTON VELVETEEN THAT GOES MARVELOUSLY BARE BY EVENING, AND DEMURE BY DAY WITH THE ADDITION OF A LONG-SLEEVED RAYON CREPE BLOUSE. "WHISK" IN BROWN, GREEN, GREY OR BLACK, SIZES 10 TO 18, AT 25.00. BLOUSE IN WHITE ONLY, SIZES 10 TO 18, AT 9.95.

SPORTSWEAR, THIRD FLOOR

B. ALTMAN & CO. FIFTH AVENUE

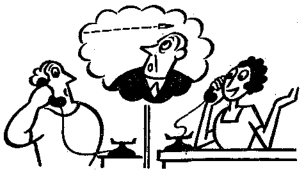


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

EVERYTHING IS NOT AS HOPELESS AS YOU THINK IT IS NOTE: The following notice, indicating an upturn in international relations, has been posted on a United Nations bulletin board at Lake Success: "Will exchange Spencerian penmanship lessons (left-handed person preferred) for a complete set of Yoga exercises."

"IMMEDIATELY after today's shooting," one of the papers wrote, describing the attempted assassination of Senator Bricker, he "instructed his office to telephone Mrs. Bricker in Columbus to assure her that he had not been harmed." We found this the most provocative detail of the entire incident, because it illustrates so aptly the difference between a politician and a statesman. We can easily imagine that ringing up one's wife by long distance and trying to explain to her that one has just ducked a couple of assassin's bullets would be an unattractive undertaking, and the man who delegates the task to his secretary is very likely showing the nice sense of expediency that is the politician's main attribute. We can't help feeling, however, that he has failed to display the statesman's grasp of the essentials of an intricate relationship.



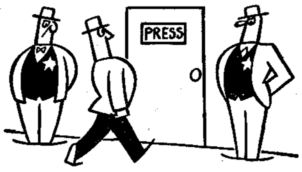
THE government of the United States of America is hard to faze, we have concluded upon hearing of the income-tax experience of a friend of ours. When he filled out his return in March, he discovered that he had overpaid seventy-two dollars on his 1946 tax, and asked that it be credited toward his 1947 tax. A few weeks ago, he received a refund check of seventy-two dollars from the government and, never suspecting that the Bureau of Internal Revenue didn't know what it was about, cashed the check and spent the money. With his June 15th bill for the second installment on his 1947 estimated tax, he received a statement informing him that a seventy-two-dollar overpayment on his 1946 tax had been credited toward his 1947 tax, as requested. Aware that he was seventy-two dollars ahead of the government and possibly guilty of something, our friend wrote to his Collector of Internal Revenue, setting forth everything in detail. The reply he got a few days later seems to us a model of calm in an otherwise agitated world. "Dear Sir," it read, "When your tax return is audited, your request for a credit of $72 on your 1947 tax for overpayment on your 1946 tax will almost certainly be disallowed."

WE'VE been giving only sketchy attention to the unlawful-fees-in-leasing-city-piers case involving Al Gross, but one passage in a *Herald Tribune* story about it has made a deep, and unfavorable, impression on us:

> "But he's no friend of mine," the Republican Senator [Arthur Capper] said.... "He [Gross] came in here to borrow money from me once. I never loaned him the money. His general appearance didn't appeal to me."
>
> Gross, now sixty-four, stands 5 feet 8 inches and weighs 207 pounds.

We hold no brief for Gross, but we also hold no brief for the implication—in which the *Tribune* appears to concur—that you shouldn't lend a fat man money. This is a frivolous principle and, if adopted by banks, could well impair the credit structure of the country and give rise to a disgruntled minority class of overweight persons, who, taking advantage of the concomitant unrest, might overthrow the government and set up a junta of implacable hypothyroids, difficult, perhaps impossible, to dislodge.

ALONG with two thousand pediatricians, from sixty-three countries, we attended the Fifth International Congress of Pediatrics, at the Waldorf, last week. We began our visit by making our way past several Burns detectives to a room marked "Press," and asked for Dr. Arnold Gesell, a man whose books we had read. "What country is he from?" the young lady in charge asked. "Yale," we said, and presently found ourself in Booth 152, which bore a sign reading, "The Developmental Diagnosis of Infant Behavior." There, Dr. Gesell, proprietor of the booth and director of the Clinic of Child Development of the Yale School of Medicine, allowed us to inspect a clinical examining crib standing behind a one-way-vision screen. "The child can't see you while you watch him," he explained. "We handle a thousand cases a year. Historically, pediatrics was first concerned with disease, then came to embrace nutrition and thus healthy babies as well as sick babies. Our theory is that, with all this historical momentum, pediatrics should take into account the psychic, or mental, factors also. A growing baby's behavior equipment should be appraised from time to time to find what his assets and liabilities are. Behavior has a pattern, like bones. Bones grow, and so does behavior." Dr. Gesell cranked an apparatus he called an analytic viewer, which projected a small movie of a forty-week child playing with a cube. "Note



the priority of the index finger," he said. "You can arrest the viewer, for study, any time you want." He arrested it, and conducted us to a couple of nearby booths, marked "Epilepsy" and "Pneumoencephalography in Childhood." "Fine exhibit on epilepsy," he said. "We have strong neighbors." He introduced us to one—Dr. Bronson Crothers, a Boston pneumoencephalographer. We admired Dr. Crothers' exhibit of photographs, one of which was entitled "Two Members of an Ineffective Family with Four Non-Competitive Children." While we were doing so, Dr. Catherine S. Amatruda, a Gesell associate, told us that the epilepsy booth belonged to Dr. William G. Lennox, of the Harvard Medical School, and that the one next to it, marked "Electroencephalography," was run by Dr. Lennox's daughter, Margaret, of the Yale School of Medicine. "*His* booth is done in blue and *hers* in red," she said. "It should be the other way around."

We strolled past exhibits labelled "Obesity in Childhood" and "The Allergic Child" to one described as "The Vertical Suspension of Infants in Hospital Wards." This contained three harnesses hanging from hooks. Two were empty, and a doll sat upright in the third. Two other dolls lay in an adjacent crib. "The apparatus was designed by a doctor in Uruguay," a nurse was saying to a youthful doctor. "You put the baby in a vertical position for about half an hour at a time." "It would certainly save ward space to have babies hanging all around," he said. The nurse picked up one of the dolls in the crib and began to put it in an empty harness. It squealed. Well, you've guessed it. "Six weeks old," the nurse told us. "It was lent to us. Just comes by the day." Apparently happy about its suspension, the baby fell asleep. "Doesn't it look contented!" the nurse exclaimed. "First public hanging I've ever attended," muttered an unidentified man at our elbow.

Next, attracted by some vivid paintings and crayon drawings entitled "City Fire," "Burning Leaves," "Automobile on Fire," "Burning of the Normandie," "Fireworks at the World's Fair," and "Bozo, the Fire-Eater," we paused before a booth marked "Art Therapy in the Diagnosis and Treatment of Behavior Problem Children." "These pictures were all done by a nine-year-old behavior-problem boy with a compulsive neurosis and a fire-setting proclivity," the lady in charge was saying to a bug-eyed young man. "Note the fire-eater at the circus saying 'Yum, yum.' Isn't that amusing symbolically?" She turned to another group of pictures. "Work of a five-year-old behavior-problem boy with primary behavior disorder, conduct type with a tendency to use obscene language," she said. "Oh, my," said the young man. "I still have my fingers crossed on his diagnosis," a doctor in charge of one of the exhibits said as we passed. "His father is a dentist, so we have splendid coöperation." We stopped in at Dr. Gesell's booth to say goodbye. "Some excellent didactic booths here, aren't there?" he said. "I'm staying at the Yale Club, in case you have any questions."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There's a sign on the railroad station at East Hampton: "Carriages Must Not Stand at This Platform Except While Actually Loading or Unloading Passengers."

The menu of the New Asia Restaurant, on upper Broadway, offers "Small steak with aux onion."

Perspective

AROUND seven o'clock last Sunday morning, a man we've heard from was wrenched from sleep by the shattering cry of his doorbell and, tottering down to the door, found a special-delivery carrier there with a letter for him. He signed for it with ill grace, muttering something about the ungodliness of the hour. "I know, I know," the carrier said unhappily, "but look at it this way—I got to start *somewhere*."

Dust Bowl

LEARNING that the opening of Idlewild Airport, a spot that's already the cause of many a municipal headache, is going to be delayed beyond the scheduled date of October 1st, owing to, of all things, sandstorms, we trudged out there last Tuesday to seek an explanation. We got one from John C. Evans, chief engineer of the Port of New York Authority and the man with the uncomfortable responsibility of doing something about the cause of the postponement. Idlewild's forty-nine hundred acres, Mr. Evans told us by way of introduction, consist, in the main, of sixty-five million cubic yards of sand pumped from the bottom of Jamaica Bay, or enough sand to cover every street in Manhattan to a depth of nine feet. "There's only a twelve-mile-an-hour wind now," Mr. Evans said. "I wish you could see what happens when the wind hits twenty. Even at sixteen, it begins to pick up silt and fine sand and blow it all over the place." At times, we learned, flurries of sand have whirled up over the airport to a height of several hundred feet. One windy, sandy night, an automobile was left parked at the field. In the morning, when its owner couldn't get it started, he investigated and found thirty pounds of sand under the hood. It had drifted in through the louvers.

Many public-spirited citizens, upon hearing of the difficulties at Idlewild, have advanced schemes to subdue the sand. One, inevitably, was to produce rain artificially in large amounts when needed. Mr. Evans is inclined to string along with established methods of sand control. At present, he is using the snow-fence principle. His "fences" consist of beach-grass plants, or Ammophila arenaria, spaced eighteen inches apart. Beach grass grows to a height of twenty-four inches, and the idea is that when planted in sufficient quantity it will serve the double purpose of lowering the ground velocity of winds, thus making them less likely to pick up sand, and of decelerating sand-bearing winds to a point where they will release their burden. Workmen have been planting beach grass at the airport off and on since 1943 and have covered sixty-five per cent of its acreage. They use a machine that can plant ten thousand sprigs of beach grass, or enough to cover half an acre, in an hour. Idlewild's original source of Ammophila was the Montauk section of Long Island, but the supply there is exhausted, and in recent months the airport has been importing grass from Cape Cod. Mr. Evans told us that this transplantation may bring about so violent a whirling of sand on Cape Cod as to result in a major relocation of the big dunes there. In years to come, the Ammophila will gradually be supplanted by poverty grass, or Andropogon virginicus var. littoralis, which has a thicker and more tenacious growth. It develops under the protection of beach grass. So far, poverty has been planted on eighty acres of Idlewild. It will eventually form a mat that should defy any wind in those parts.

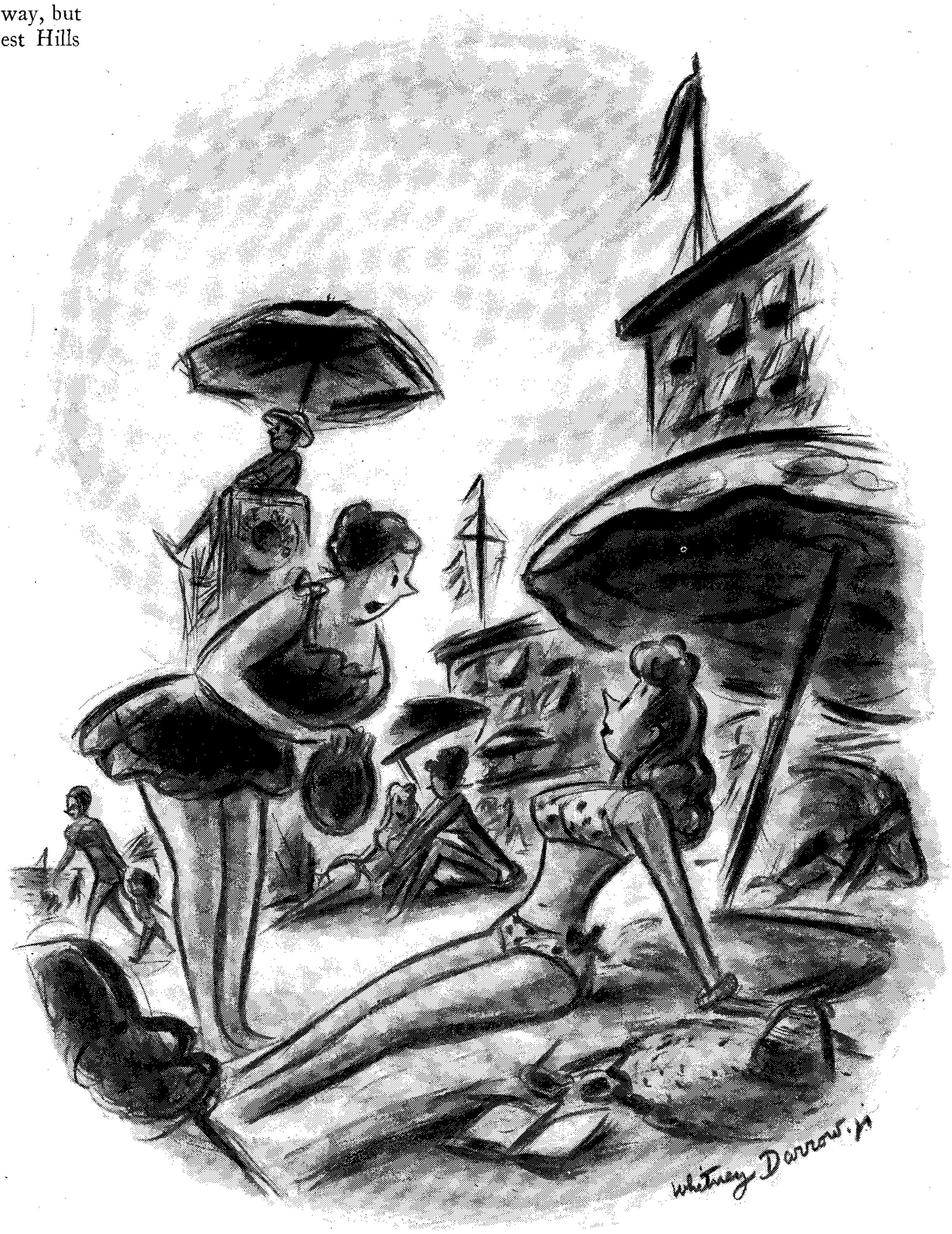
Some of the current trouble has been caused by huge piles of sand thrown up by excavators digging sewer trenches, drainage ditches, and so on. Mr. Evans has tried spraying these with petroleum emulsions, but he has found the method expensive and not terribly efficient. An idea Mr. Evans has not yet tried, but may, is that of tossing salt hay around the area. This commodity is sometimes used to keep the surface of clay tennis courts from flying away, but Mr. Evans, who lives in Forest Hills not far from the West Side Tennis Club, is inclined to be bearish on the scheme. "Every year, they put down French clay to surface those courts," he told us, "and I'll warrant that every year a hundred tons of that clay blow off. I wouldn't care to estimate how many tons of it end up in my apartment."

Last Words

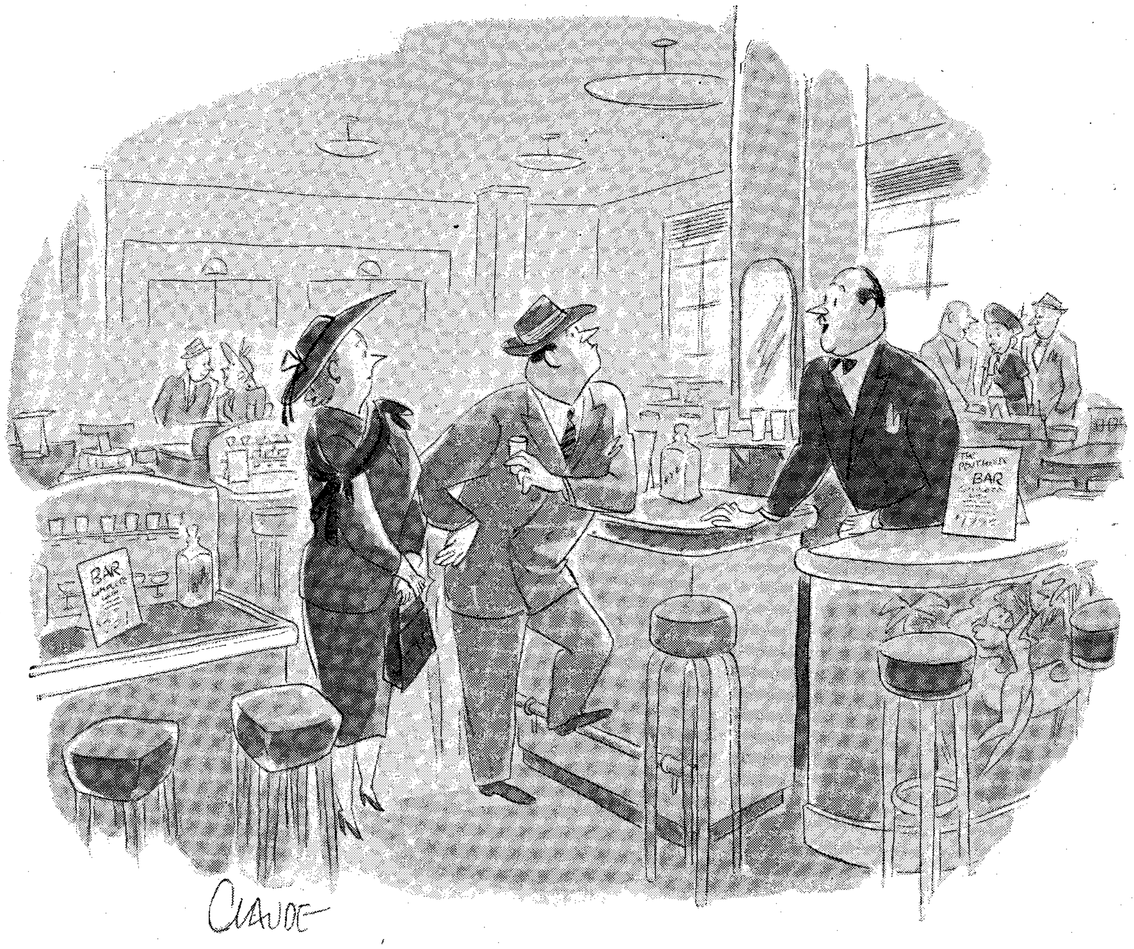
THE distaff side of a couple that had serious business at the Marriage License Bureau in the Municipal Building the other day reports to us that on one of the tables upon which people fill out the necessary forms she saw a blotter bearing a series of complicated doodles in pencil, and that just under the doodles, in an emphatic, masculine handwriting, were the words "No. No. No. I won't. No" and a jagged line trailing off into nothing.

Ball Hawk

THOSE of our readers who keep track of our occasional dissertations on peculiar specialists may add to their lineups the name of Al Green, who seems to be the most adroit and the hardest-working non-playing, non-paid fielder in big-league baseball. Last summer, Mr. Green, who fields right-handed, participated in forty-five contests at the three local major-league parks and, filling the position of third-base-box-seat spectator, collected a total of twenty-six souvenir baseballs, for an average, according to our hasty computation, of .577. Mr. Green claims that this performance constitutes an all-time record in the spectator-fielding department. We have endeavored to check up on the legitimacy of his assertion, but without success, since official baseball statisticians, though thorough in every other respect one can think of, do not concern themselves with the exploits of individuals who gather in baseballs off the field. Mr. Green took up his singular avocation one afternoon in the fore part of the 1946 season, when a foul ball came his way. He grabbed it on the second bounce and stuffed it into his pocket. The thrill was so satisfying that a hobby was born. He began attending games as often as he could, and soon concluded that a man who wants to retrieve baseballs should sit in a box seat behind third base, since most players bat



"I was supposed to meet my husband around here somewhere. Has a short, baldish man in blue trunks with a white stripe been giving you the eye?"



"How is it for height, sir?"

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right-handed and right-handers are apt to hit to their left. Mr. Green further concluded that more balls are slapped around during pre-game practice than during a game, and a conscientious collector should get to work early. He followed his reasoning and, thanks to this, nimble footwork, sharp eyes, and (he admits) good luck, managed to scoop in the twenty-six horsehides. His record for one game is two. This bothers him, because he has heard that some rival claims to have snagged three in a single game. Mr. Green is anxious to hold every record in his chosen province, and when the current season started, his ambition was to acquire four or five balls in one contest. He still hopes to do so, but he is slowed down considerably by the fact that this summer his professional life is interfering with his baseball activity. By vocation, he is an ice-skating instructor. He has spent the last four winters on the Rockefeller Center pond. Last summer, his time was his own, but this year he took a job at Iceland, in Madison Square Garden, and this cuts into his afternoons.

We asked Mr. Green which of the local teams is his favorite, and he replied, "Until I get hold of a ball in the game, I practically got the shakes. Then, when I get my hands on one, I'm all right again." We asked him whether he regards Joe DiMaggio or Ted Williams as the better all-around outfielder, and he said, "You can get baseballs all kinds of ways. I estimate I only caught seven or eight of my whole twenty-six on the fly. The fact is, if one comes straight at me, I'm more likely to duck than try to catch it." We asked Mr. Green nothing further, and he told us that once a ballplayer with a ball in his hand was walking by his seat, whereupon he leaned over and said, "Toss it here, will you, Mac?," and the ballplayer did. "I don't know whether it was his reflexes or not," said Mr. Green, and continued, "Once, an usher came up to me after I picked up a ball that rolled toward my box, and he said, 'What gives? This is going on day and night with you.' I told him, 'Your job is ushering. Mine is taking home foul balls.' At Ebbets Field, if an usher sees you grab a foul ball, he'll stamp on your hand. One time, I grabbed a ball right from under the noses of a bunch of players who were warming up, and they came after me with bats. I ran up into the stands and had three hot dogs and some pop before I figured it was safe to go back to my seat. After the game was over, Frankie Frisch came by, and when I held out that ball toward him, he autographed it for me. If he had known how I'd got it, he would have bashed me over the head. I keep in training by playing handball to toughen my hands and doing bendovers to lengthen my reach." Mr. Green's wintertime relaxation is basketball. He hasn't taken home a basketball yet.

Line of Duty

THE annual migration of the younger generation to summer camps was, as usual, not without incident. The anxious mother of one lad who left home for the first time begged him to let her know the moment he reached his destination, and was swiftly rewarded with a postcard saying, "I arrived safely. I am writing this on the train." The parents of another young traveller had to wait a little longer for their first reassurance, which read as follows: "Dear Folks, I had to wright this so I could get into breakfast tomorrow. Love, Terry."

Finished Portrait

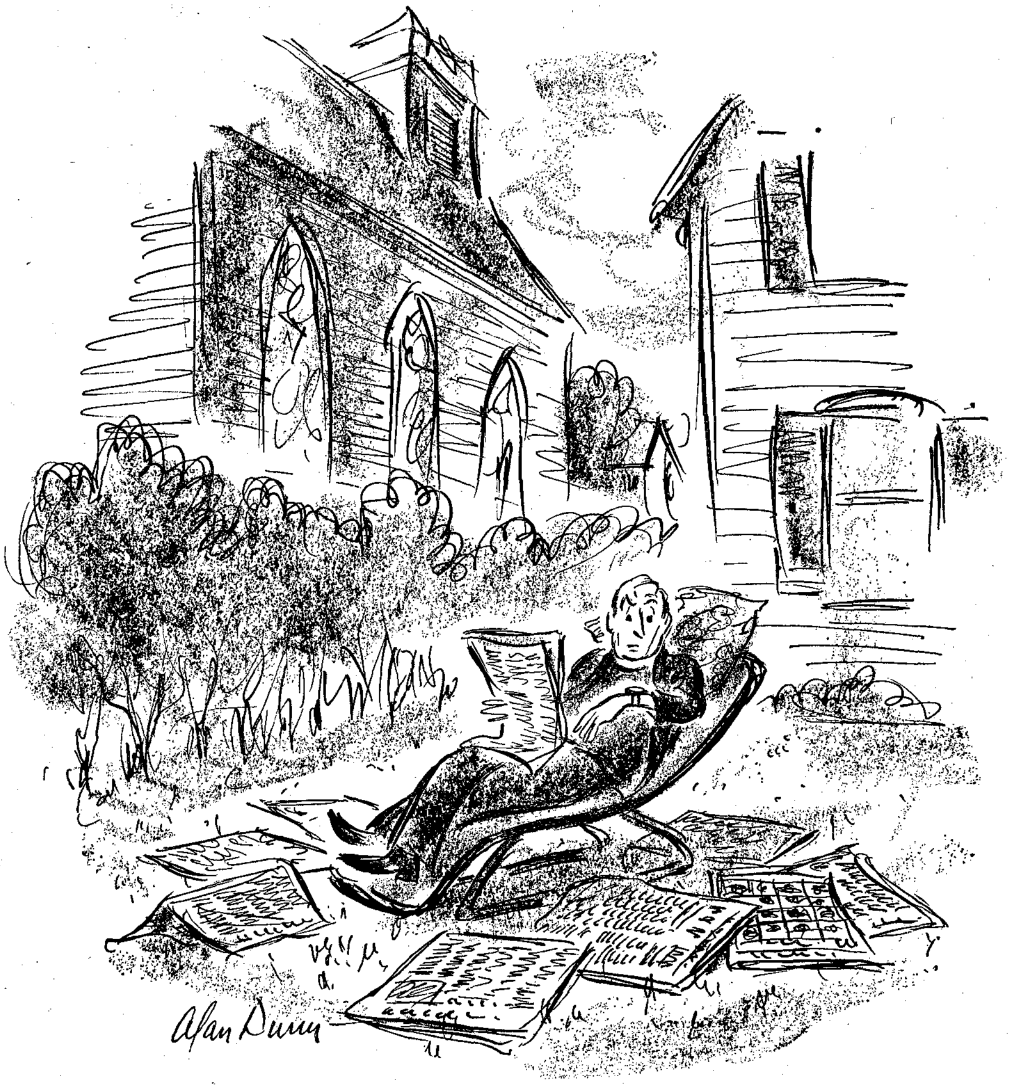
WE watched a Hollywood crew putting some final touches on "Portrait of Jennie" in the R.K.O.-Pathé studios, at 106th and Park Avenue, one morning last week. "Jennie," as you perhaps know, blew into town in February, signalling, it was said, a major movement eastward by the film interests. When we arrived at the studios, one of the last scenes to be shot in Manhattan was well under way. At a table in a reproduction of an old-fashioned saloon sat Ethel Barrymore, looking regal and aloof as twenty-odd technical men scurried about. In the midst of them, distinguished by a large panama hat, lemon-colored gloves, and bedroom slippers, was William Dieterle, the director. "I want so just oop a liddle," he instructed two men standing beside him, and they nodded in instantaneous comprehension. "I shouldn't know there's a camera," continued Mr. Dieterle. "All must be natural." At this point, Joseph Cotten joined Miss Barrymore on the set. "Action," said Mr. Dieterle. "Rolling!" cried an assistant. "Quiet!" shouted another. A bell rang. Mr. Cotten took a coat from a rack on the set and started to put it on. "Cut!" said Mr. Dieterle. "I see a fly." "Mousey," said one of his aides, "get the Flit gun." A small, round man trotted off and reappeared a moment later with a Flit gun, which he pumped vigorously at Mr. Cotten. Once again, Mr. Dieterle called for action. This time, Mr. Cotten got his coat on and buttoned, and Mr. Dieterle said, "Cut! I see a big white thread." "Mousey," said an aide, "get that thread off the coat." Mousey did so. Mr. Dieterle began again. Mr. Cotten got his coat on, handed Miss Barrymore an unframed sketch of Jennifer Jones, the heroine of the film, and walked off the set. "Once more," said Mr. Dieterle. "The camera technique is changing," he added morosely. "Don't shoot for the moon. Just take it so I don't know there's a camera." After half an hour and a dozen repetitions of the scene, Mr. Dieterle was satisfied, and we fell in with Mr. Cotten.

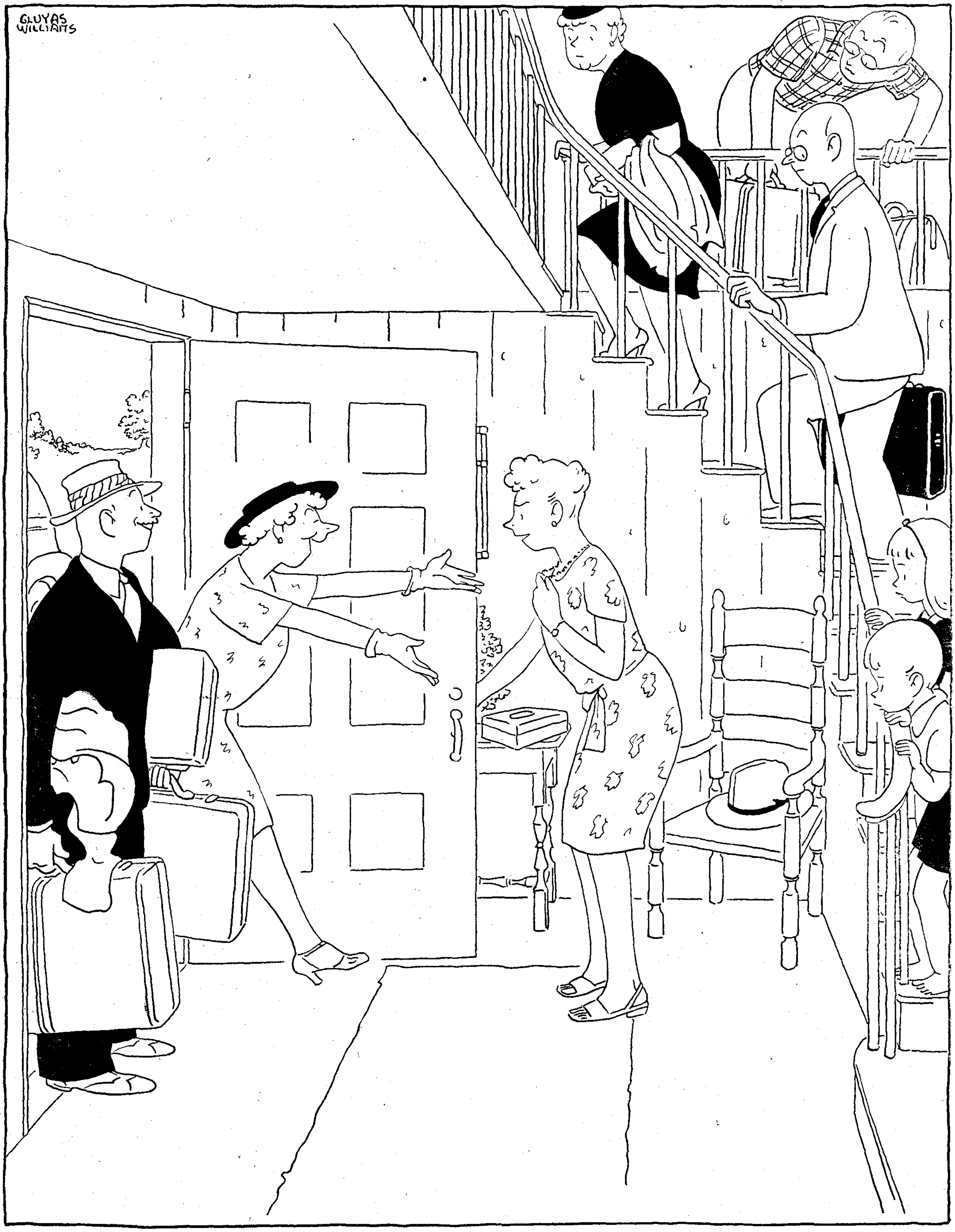
"We came here from the Coast expecting to stay six weeks, and now we're in the sixth month," Mr. Cotten advised us. "Last week, we went out to Oldwick, New Jersey, every day, and every time we got there, it rained. A couple of months ago, somebody took a fancy to a field of daisies in Oldwick, and we made a lot of shots there. But then the daisies went away, which nobody had thought of, so now the only shots of Oldwick we can use involve a brook there. Then, there was a fine old brownstone somebody discovered in Tudor City last winter. Just the kind of thing we needed. But there were a couple of trees in front of the house, and by the time we got around to shooting it, the trees were all in bloom and you couldn't get a good shot of the damned place. I think it was at this moment that David Hempstead, the producer, threatened to abandon pictures and get a job teaching English at the University of Michigan, where his father-in-law has some influence." Mr. Cotten was interrupted by a worried-looking young man who held a mirror up to Mr. Cotten's face, and we drifted along.

Just off the set, we came upon Mr. Dieterle, resting on a cot between takes. "Ah," he said mournfully, "what troubles I have with my foot! It comes upon me last week lymphatitis, and I can hardly walk. But I suffer with pleasure making picture in New York. Here is the new talent, the new faces—excitement. The last picture, we had to put games on the set, so the actors wouldn't go away and get lost. Here, they love to stay on the set. And the backgrounds we get in New York could never be duplicated in Hollywood. All the money Hollywood has couldn't build Central Park. Around the city, we keep the camera concealed in trucks, but all the time, somehow, the people know who we are, and twenty times, thirty times, we have to pack up and go away till the crowd disappears. Only one lady complains about us. She says we are blocking her entrance to Central Park. Imagine! One hundred entrances, and she wants the one we're using! Well, then we go to make scenes in the Cloisters. Right away comes this lady again. Now we're blocking the path she likes to walk on. Incredible, but one of those coincidences." Mr. Dieterle rose from his cot to supervise some closeups of Miss Barrymore, and we got into a conversation with one of the prop men. "That portrait you see there," he told us, "was painted by Brackman, and Jennifer Jones had to go to Connecticut to have it done. It'll hang in the Metropolitan later on. This bar came from a place on Second Avenue, and we're going to take it back to Hollywood with us. The big picture over the bar is supposed to be Michael Collins, the Irish patriot. Now that we got the thing in all kinds of scenes, it turns out the painter made Collins look like Stalin. Wouldn't that kill you?"

Crisis

A LADY in Greenwich gave a small dinner party last Friday evening. The maid was new but apparently expert, and everything went swimmingly until the dessert was due. There then ensued a long and uncomfortable wait. This was ended by the arrival of the maid with a Western Union envelope, which she handed to her mistress. The lady ripped it open and found inside a square of brown wrapping paper bearing the pencilled message "Can't find fingerbowls."




GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE VISITING PUBLIC

The guests who get their dates mixed and arrive on the wrong weekend.

RUTH AND IRMA

THEY were both Americans, but it was somehow hard to place them, to give them an American background. Who were they? Where did they come from? Mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, or any settled home in any settled state of the Union you couldn't readily conjure up for them, free as they seemed to be and prepared to fly off here or there as the caprice might beckon. Their only allegiances seemed to be toward themselves or perhaps to a certain cult or pattern of behavior. They were lost girls, bits of flotsam and jetsam tossed about in the surf and welter of their own lost, oh, so utterly lost, generation. They had no career or profession; they neither painted nor wrote; and from what source the money came that allowed them to travel about free as air, prepared to run in every direction in search of new sensations, new excitements, was another conjecture.

Ruth and Irma, I remember them vividly, and that summer in St. Tropez —1928, just before the crash in Wall Street. Irma was exceedingly pretty. Her short curly hair, her boyish manners, and her style of dressing—shorts and bright-colored jerseys—didn't in the least disguise the fact that she was a very feminine kind of character. Ruth, on the other hand, was one of those genuinely boyish girls whose attitudes and gestures, the way they place a hand on a hip, a hand in a trouser pocket, offer an immediate cue to their temperamental and emotional difficulties. Both Ruth and Irma were engaged in fashioning themselves after their heroine of the moment and bent on aiding and abetting each other in carrying out their little act. Everyone in the hotel was exercised about them. Where had Irma been last night? What had happened to Ruth? At what time had they got in this morning and at what ungodly hour would they return tomorrow? Sad to see them—so young and so lost.

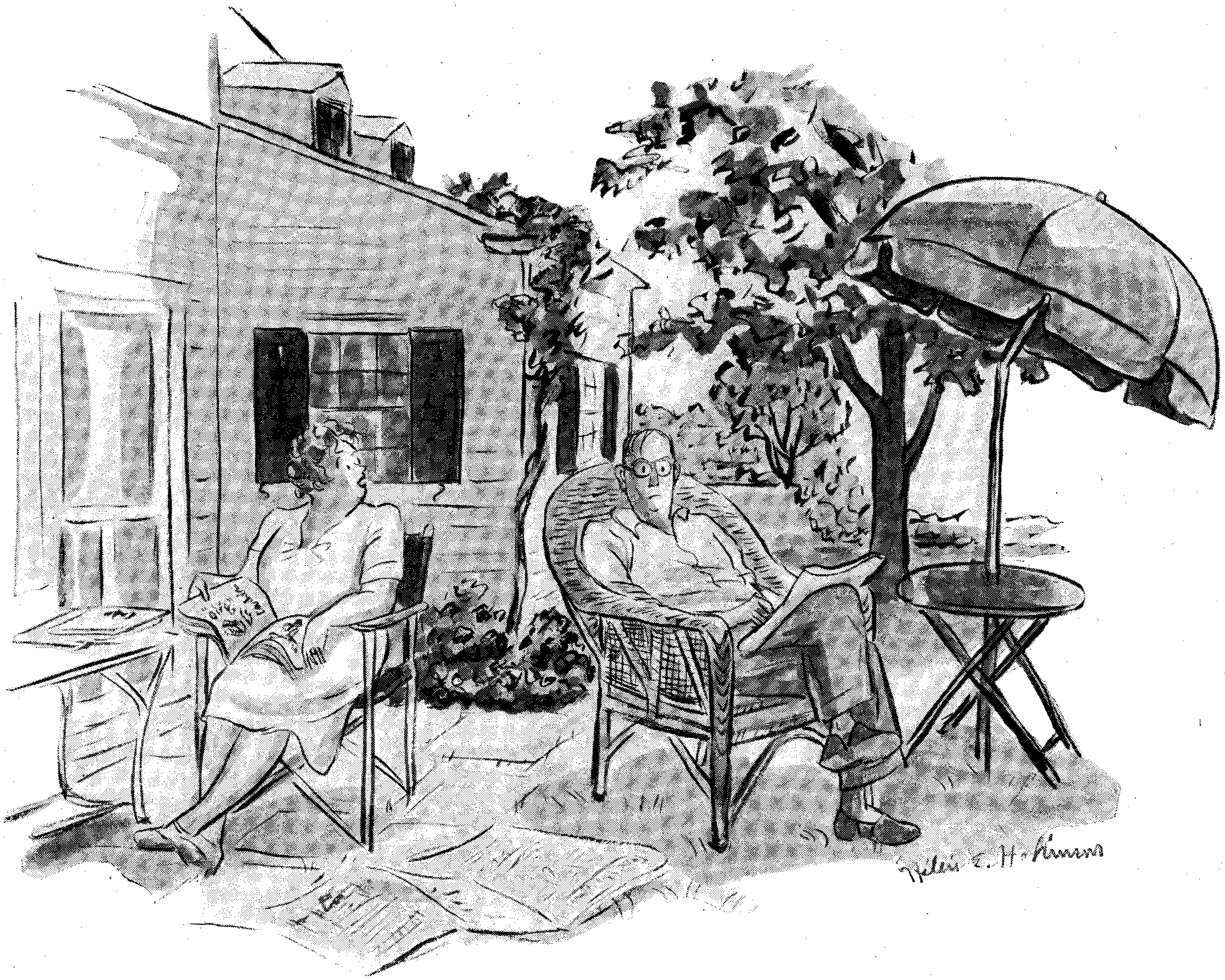
Those were the days when all "the young" were sensitive and suffering, and having a somewhat carnival time enjoying their misery. Seeing them around in so many different places, noticing the resemblance of their behavior to that of similar groups in some other place, you couldn't but suspect that they had—young men and young women alike—models on which they fashioned not only their gestures and silhouettes and conversation but also even their dreams, desires, their despair, and their abysmal disillusionment. Remember our Byron of the moment and his favorite heroine, Lady Brett?

The tender, romantic climate of the heart had suddenly become stylized, been made dramatic, and there was a kind of wholesale sharing in it, wallowing in it, what with the constant draining of the cocktail glass, and the fashions in bars and *bistros*, and ordering another and then another still, and drinks all around for everyone until the familiar clime and chime and temperature of drunkenness had been established, and all the roughness and the toughness and the good four-letter words in circulation. The soft core and center of the heart was shamelessly, disreputably exposed, all the little Lady Bretts bewailing their degradation and yet maintaining in the midst of tears the peculiar style, vernacular, and charm of the brave original heroine.

In St. Tropez, that summer, one saw everywhere, coming and going, lolling or strolling along the quay, the holiday crowds, the visitors, the men in their large hats, bright trousers, and brighter shirts, the women with their faces and breasts and arms and legs the color of dark honey, their hair bleached in the sun. The painting gear they carried, the beach stools, the bathing suits, the colorful baskets, their fashions in drink and dress, in art and love and literature, were imposed on the graver, more classic local scene, so in St. Tropez, as in all those Mediterranean ports, one had a sense of the ephemeral quality of the Here and Now. Behind the village were the vineyards, the gentle slopes covered with vines, with almond trees, and olive trees, dusty in the breeze and blowing off into the cambric-textured air, all white and smothered in the heat and the sound of the cicadas. On their sculptural hills, Ramatuelle and Gassin, each with its ancient walls, its church, its castle, stood in bold relief against the white, the swimming summer heat. And there was the country wine they used to serve you, and the faces of the people, and the young men of Provence with their particular southern accents and their peculiar lounging grace, lazy and alert at once, like the lizards sunning themselves in the scorching sun, and among them Marius, whose name became the symbol for the group.

There were also the evenings after dinner when you strolled along past the ships lined up at the wharves, stripped of their sails, one beside another, tightly packed—the fine yachts and the ships that trafficked in the ancient cargoes. You read the names—Andros from Corinth, Nanette from Marseille, Tasso from Venice, The Turk from Constantinople. Walking as far as the breakwater and then back again to the end of the quay, you looked up at the tall masts, the intricate web of the rigging, taut and vibrant as the strings of a great orchestra, and, behind, the translucent Mediterranean night, the stars tangled in the masts and spars and cordage. You almost expected, at any moment, as though the winds were playing upon waiting instruments, to hear the great symphonies of that landlocked ocean: the traffic between the islands and the mainlands, landfall and lights in harbors, the names of fabled ports. And there was such nostalgia in the heart—a reluctance to go on with it, with life, with time that wrecked the romance and the wonder and the poetry, something within you crying out for rest, for pause from further history. Across the gulf you could see Ste. Maxime and the lights of the casino and the villas up among the hills. Thinking maybe of Radclyffe Hall, now in her villa there among the pines, or perhaps of Colette, or Segonzac, or of that little model of Marie Laurencin, so pretty, so perverse, staying at the moment in your own hotel, you presently returned to the hotel to sit out on the sidewalk facing the ships, the stars, the lights across the waters. You lit your cigarettes, ordered your drinks, and prepared to make a night of it.

You'd be sure to find Ruth and Irma at their table with their drinks in front of them, cigarette stubs in the ashtrays. Generally at this hour they were unaccompanied. They had a way of



"George, why don't we ever go to places like Cartier's and just look around?"

• •

stretching out their first drink until they'd managed to join up with some other group and they seldom paid for anything they ordered. Frequently they'd join up with the crowd around our little table, so there was plenty of chance to watch them at close range. Their talk was far from brilliant. Anything that Ruth said might just as well have been remarked by Irma. Everything was swell or lousy; women were bitches or they weren't; they stank or they did not. Ruth and Irma knew all the places; they were evidently as much at home in Paris as in New York. They liked to mention dives and restaurants and *bistros* that maybe you'd never heard of; they carried books about with them—French books and English, always the latest novels; they kept abreast of trends. But discussions they avoided. Everything was clipped, abbreviated: "Sure," "O.K.," "Christ, no!"

While other people did the talking, they always seemed to be waiting for something to happen, as though their presence in the midst of any crowd would soon get the currents flowing, ignite the sparks, and allow them their own signals, every movement and gesture subtle and explicit like the figures in a dance. About the time my friends and I were drifting off to bed, things were beginning to liven up for Ruth and Irma.

St. Tropez had its night life and the girls had a flair for investigating it in all the towns they visited, so off they'd go in search of Marius and his companions. Or so one gathered when one left them after midnight or heard them stealing back in the early hours, seldom together—usually first Ruth and then Irma. Because the bedroom that they shared was next to mine, I knew more about their habits than anyone else in the hotel—what time Irma came in, whether Ruth had preceded her—and though I tried not to listen to their conversations, I could not, short of getting up and going out, avoid knowing something of what was going on between them.

When two young men came in on a small yacht from Portcros, Ruth and Irma vanished for several days. The story around the hotel was that they were living on the yacht, and when it finally departed, I supposed they'd sailed off into the blue for good and all. But, no, that evening there they were, out on the sidewalk at their usual stand—sitting alone, drinking their apéritifs, and looking around for the familiar cronies.

Very soon they joined us. I noticed there was conflict going on between them and that something in their relationship was strained almost to the breaking point. You could see how difficult it was for them to preserve their careful brevity of speech and their way of working in concert to maintain an identical standard of behavior.

They'd had a swell time, they said; life at the hotel was lousy in comparison with life aboard that little boat; the young men were swell guys they'd known in Paris.

I said we'd been afraid they'd left us forever, that they'd just sailed away without a word to anyone.

"Christ, no!" said Irma.

"Here we are"—Ruth crooked an elbow in that boyish way she had and drew a hand out of the pocket of her pants—"here we are, back at the dear old stand."

"And damned glad of it, too," Irma said, and she gave her friend a look of out-and-out defiance.

This was the first time I had noticed any failure on the part of either of them to play the game in public. Ruth's face had suddenly become the battleground of far from assumed emotions. What an intense face it was, how strong the feelings ran—love and hate and a desire to dominate and a great, an almost overwhelming tenderness suffusing it. The two girls looked at each other. Their glances recorded a fierce struggle for mastery—one over the other. And then, just as the tense situation seemed about to break into open conflict, Ruth got up abruptly and walked away, down toward the wharves and the boats along the quay, with that quick, boyish stride of hers.

I thought for a moment Irma was going to get up and follow; she evidently had the impulse, but she restrained it and sat there almost on the point of tears. Somebody suggested another drink. "Christ, yes!" she said. "I'd like gin without vermouth." She ordered a double, which she drank down at a gulp; then someone offered her another, which she sipped quite slowly. When she'd finished this, she appeared to have reached a mollified, confessional mood.

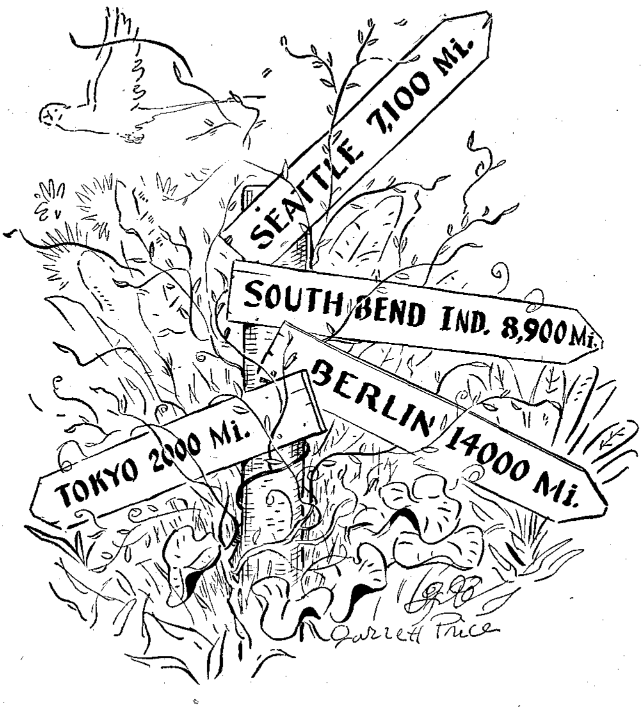
She wanted to take us all into her confidence, to tell us what a bitch she was—a regular out-and-out bitch, rotten at the core, she said. But Ruth—there was a girl; you could travel around the world and never find a sweller girl than Ruth. Irma didn't want to betray her; no, she didn't want to betray Ruth. But, Christ, how could she help it when she was so much in love with Marius? She was in too deep; she couldn't pull herself out of it. Ruth and the swell guys from Paris had attempted—what was it the sailors did to you?—oh, yes, that was it, to shanghai her, to get her off with them on that yacht and keep her out at sea till she'd got back some sense. But she'd given them the go-by. And here she was. She'd have to tell us she was just a little bitch—those were the only words that covered it—a little bitch.

She went on like that, looking very pretty and feminine, and glancing around in her appealing way to have her words corroborated. "All right," she said, "all right—don't contradict me. That's what I am—a little bitch. You can say it, just the same as I do." Presently she became more explicit, and told us all about Marius. She didn't know his last name, she said. They made such lovely lovers, these Provençals; you couldn't find them elsewhere half as sweet as this, with the mistral blowing through their hair, smelling of the Mediterranean. Yes, he was the authentic article. And such lovely pictures on his arms and chest. She was going off with him to Marseille to get her arms tattooed just like his.

After another round of drinks she got up unsteadily and went off with an artist fellow who used to come up to the hotel from his room in the village to accompany the girls about the town; she was going, she said, in search of Marius.

It was a fine, still summer night, with the moon down and the southern stars sparkling away in the blue sky above. We strolled off, my friends and I, along the quays, out to the end of the mole, where we sat a long time looking at the gulf and the ships and the stars, discussing Ruth and Irma. It was difficult to make out just what had happened while they were off on the boat, but Ruth had apparently told the two young men about Marius, and they'd all ganged up on Irma in an attempt to get her out of St. Tropez. Someone suggested that Irma had invented that bit about their trying to shanghai her; it made a good story. Ruth and Irma were always making up stories or elaborating their own dilemmas. Drama was what they wanted. However, the consensus of opinion was that there'd been a real conspiracy on the part of Ruth and the two young men to tear Irma away from Marius, and that Irma really was involved with him. One thing was as phony as another, we agreed, and this shanghaiing was sufficiently bizarre to be convincing. It made a good story anyway and doubtless, if it were true, the young men would enjoy telling it in every Mediterranean port. *L'affaire Marius* would have quite a vogue. I said that if I owned a yacht I'd try to shanghai Ruth as well as Irma and take them both back to America as quickly as possible.

Then we got back to speculating about where they came from and who they were and what they were—the flotsam-and-jetsam girls. And, what with seeing the facets of the feminine psyche turned so swiftly around and around, so many reflections of its urgencies and its irresolutions, we sat there a long, long time and it was late when I got back and into bed. Ruth had returned but without discovering Irma. I could hear her thrashing about and crying in a smothered kind of way, as though she'd hidden her face in the bedclothes.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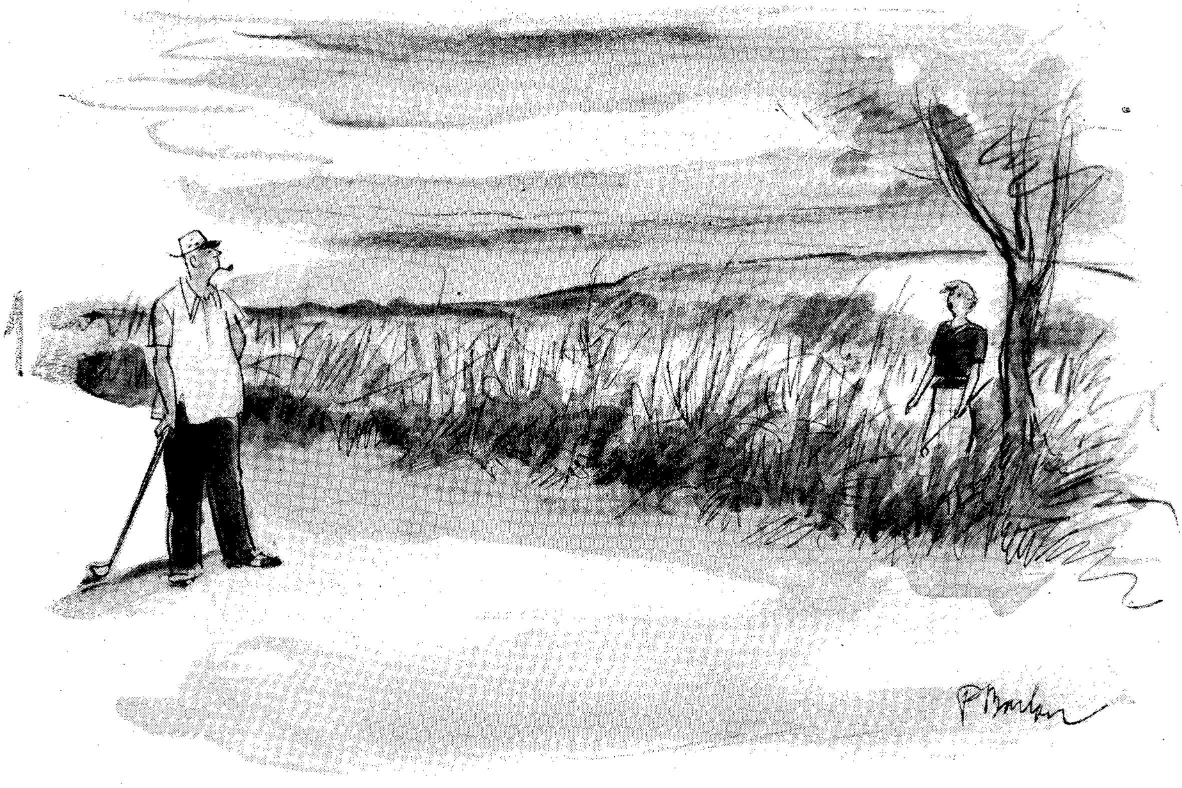
BERLIN 14000 Mi.
TOKYO 2000 Mi.
Garrett Price

IRMA did not come back that night. The next day she was still missing, and that evening neither of the girls appeared upon the sidewalk and there was a great deal of speculation about them. The third night, Ruth turned up alone. It was quite late, and she looked utterly distraught. She made no pretense of not being anxious, but sank down in an empty



"I did *try my Number Nine. Nothing happened."*

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chair and asked us if we'd seen or heard of Irma. This was the third night, Ruth explained, that nothing had been heard of her, and as far as she could discover, Irma was nowhere in the village. Neither was Marius. Ruth supposed we knew all about him—all about Marius.

Yes, we knew all about Marius, we told her.

"Swine—the dirty swine," she said.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," somebody said. "Wait and see what's up."

At this, Ruth let off a stream of what could only be termed filthy abuse. There was something so closed and intense about her, as of fires shut off and burning in her heart, that it was painful to look at her. The only thing that one could do was offer her a drink and then relapse into an embarrassed silence while she attempted to get a grip on herself.

In the midst of all the embarrassment, Irma turned up, looking very slight and girlish in her shorts and tight-fitting jersey. "Hullo, everybody," she said, cheerfully straddling a chair.

Ruth's lips tightened, but her relief at the sight of her friend was apparently so great that it enabled her to control herself. "Hullo, Irma," she said.

We ordered Irma a drink, Ruth had another, and presently the girls were able somehow to establish their lost-generation act—very cool and casual about it, and even assisting each other in keeping up the proper tone and temperature; and though you sensed the currents that ran between them, they pulled it off with a great deal of style.

Irma took us into her confidence at once. It seemed that she had been to Marseille with Marius.

"What the hell did you go there for?" Ruth inquired, lighting a cigarette. The match between her fingers shook.

Irma rolled up the sleeve of her jersey. "Look!" she said. "The swell tattoo they gave me."

Ruth took Irma's arm and gripped it tightly. "Well, I'll be damned," she said. "A boat—a little hell-of-a-swell of a little three-masted schooner."

Irma displayed it to us and we all had a good look at it. Someone asked if she had another on her chest and the talk became out-and-out bawdy, the way it often did with the two girls present. We had another round of drinks, and then, suddenly, Ruth and Irma got up and left us. They didn't drift down to the village as usual but went directly into the hotel. They were going to have it out, we presumed.

After they'd gone, I waited a long time before turning in. I didn't want to hear them talking, and I hoped that by the time I went to my room, they would have had their scrap and gone to sleep.

When I got there, I thought at first that this was the case and felt inordinately relieved; however, I soon heard the sound of muffled sobbing—not one girl sobbing but apparently the two of them.

"Oh, my darling," I heard Ruth say over and over again. "My darling, my darling." And Irma: "Forgive me, Ruth, forgive me. I know that I'm a bitch, not worth your little finger, but I'll promise you—I'll promise—oh, my darling." And so they sobbed together until the birds were singing and the clear light of the Mediterranean morning came filtering through the blinds.

I had not expected to see them again until the evening, but soon after noon, as I was returning from the *plage*, there they were, sitting outside the hotel in a hired car, their baggage stacked around them, smoking their cigarettes and very casual in their shorts and pants, with their arms and legs so bare and brown. A crowd had gathered around the car, apparently to say goodbye.

The two girls waved to me gaily. Yes, they said, they were off. They promised to send me a card and tell me where they landed. Then with similar promises, they said "Toodle-oo—*au revoir*," to everyone, and presently were off in a great cloud of dust.

I never heard a word, or laid eyes on either of them again. But I used often to think about them; I think about them still. Where are you, Irma—Ruth? Who are your favorite authors now?

—Isabel Bolton

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Leahy will report at Northwestern University Aug. 3 to assume charge of the squad. The players will be soused on the Evanston campus and will use the Wildcats' facilities.—*The Journal-American.*

Just the thing.

THE MENACE OF THE VITAMIN

YESTERDAY, I found the Good Gray Doctor sitting and brooding in his cluttered laboratory.

"What's the matter, Good Gray Doctor? You look down in the mouth!" I cried heartily.

The Good Gray Doctor sighed. "I'm feeling low, my boy," he said. "Very low."

"What you need," I suggested, "is a good, stiff dose of Vitamins B_1, C_2, and D_3."

"I'm feeling low," he pursued, "because an experiment I have been carrying on for years has proved successful."

"But this," I countered swiftly, "is irregular. If the experiment is successful—"

"It *is* successful. And I'm not happy. I have just proved, to my satisfaction, that vitamins are poisonous."

"Poisonous!" I cried in horror. "Not—not vitamins!"

"I fear so," he said gently. "I have just isolated an essential poison in the vitamin. A very subtle and slow-working poison, to be sure. Its effects may not be seen in the human organism for years, or even for generations. But it is there."

"Yes, but the vitamin!" I exclaimed. "Hasn't the vitamin stamped out beriberi, pellagra, and ergotism? And scurvy?"

"I notice that my grandchildren and their school friends seem to be sick all the time, and they are popping with vitamins. I never had a vitamin, consciously, until I was forty, and I'm never sick. It is true, of course," he mused, "that I may have been fortified by passing successively through the water cure, Jaeger flannels, ozone, Fletcherism, and iron-in-the-blood."

"But vitamins! Has it not been proved by statistics that each succeeding generation of Harvard freshmen is one inch taller, one inch wider, and one inch thicker than the preceding one? That's vitamins for you!"

"True," he said. "Though statistics do not prove that each generation of Harvard freshmen is any brighter than the preceding one."

"The human race has grown," I argued. "We can't wear medieval armor. We bump our heads on the rafters of New England farmhouses. We have grown up. Vitamins!"

"All right," he said. "We're bigger than our ancestors. Now, the question is, is bigness an advantage?"

"Why, of course."

"Really?" He drew from his pocket an old, battered briar pipe, meditatively battered it some more against the wall, and put it back. "Have you ever used any 2-4-D?"

"The weed killer? Certainly."

"That's what put me on the track," the Good Gray Doctor said. "2-4-D makes the weeds grow at a terrific rate. They just go crazy. And then they die. They're too big for their world—out of scale."

"But that's an unhealthy growth," I protested. "Morbid. I don't see—"

"I'm inclined to think that all bigness is morbid and unhealthy," he said. "The mammoth and the mastodon, the diplodocus and the tyrannosaurus all disappeared in the competition for life. They were oversized and, no doubt, full of vitamins. The one great land animal persisting today is the elephant, and he survives only because little men protect him as a curiosity, a pet, and a stupid servant. It's the same in the vegetable world. There are plenty of fossil remains of gigantic trees, but the only survivors are the California redwoods, and those have to be cared for like great big overgrown babies. No, Nature has found gigantism to be a failure."

I DECIDED to shift my ground. "What do we care about Nature?" I asked him. "Civilization is superior to Nature. We do what we like with Nature."

"All right," said the Good Gray Doctor. "What are the marks of our present civilization? Mechanization, and urban life. In a mechanized, urban

life, the oversized man or woman is always uncomfortable, always out of place. He takes up too much space, weighs too much, eats too much. He is too big for Pullman berths, bus seats, theatre seats. Antique chairs collapse under him. His muscles are useless, even harmful, since they must be constantly exercised to prevent decay. His great body gets tired and breaks down under the slow action of vitamin poisoning. The future belongs to the wiry little man. Just think what our civilization would be if we should gradually breed man down to a height of about three feet! The body machine would be reduced to an efficient size for supporting the brain. We would even defeat the force of gravity. Our cities could be half as high, our roads half as wide, our automobiles violent little scooters; our airplanes would soar easily, like eagles. We could divide our present skyscrapers into twice as many floors, our present houses into twice as many rooms. Here is a solution to the problems of the human race."

"That would be a very good thing," I agreed.

"One of civilization's most urgent problems is that of living space—*Lebensraum*—in a shrinking world. We're trying to resolve it by reducing the number of inhabitants. How much better to solve it by reducing the size of people, so that our world would accommodate several times as many of them. Another of our problems is the exhaustion of our natural resources. A race of little men would consume only a fraction as much as the great, hulking creatures of today. Instead of killing each other to possess more than our share of natural resources, let us adapt ourselves to the supply! The world is getting too small, people say. I propose to you a means of doubling its size."

"But how?" I asked.

"By breeding down, as we say. See what we've done in the way of breeding toy dogs—keen, intelligent little fellows, perfectly adapted to apartment life in great cities. We can do the same with men."

"But how?" I repeated.

"Simple enough. Any geneticist will tell you. The first thing is to eliminate gradually the vitamin from our diet. Go back to good old salt pork. And well-polished rice."

" 'Is your rice properly polished? Demand that captivating sheen!' " I quoted from the future.

"Have all our flour made of the pure-white kernel of the wheat—none of your nasty husks!" he cried.

" 'Insist on the genuine devitaminized bread!' " I hurled back at him.

"Make littleness fashionable. You'll be surprised to see how all these big women will follow the fashion and become little."

" 'I'm afraid this woman is too big! I want a *little* woman for my little apartment!' " I burbled.

"It's the way of salvation for the world," said the Good Gray Doctor, more soberly. "In fact, I'm inclined to think, the only way of salvation."

"But still you haven't proved your point," I said. "You haven't proved that vitamins are poisonous. How *are* they poisonous?"

The Good Gray Doctor smiled. "You will admit that the world is crazy?" he said.

"Of course."

"What has made it crazy? What new element is there in the world that has not been there before?"

I meditated. "I think I catch your drift. You are referring to an excess of vitamins?"

"Exactly. And I have isolated the principle of madness that is contained, in minute quantities, in the vitamin—the insane root that takes the reason prisoner, as Shakespeare said. Vitamins, the menace to the world! Vitamins, the scourge of humanity!" His voice rose to a scream. "Vitamins! The curse of our times! The destroyer of civilization! They have driven the world mad! Away with them! Let us bring in the race of the future! The race of men like gods! Little gods!"

The Good Gray Doctor rose to his full height and shook his fist at my stomach. —MORRIS BISHOP

A SONG OF CONSCIENCE

When nuns were spitted and poets fell
And Spain, the medieval hell,
Became our modern one as well
  And I, a Hamlet, held my tongue,
  Tell me, conscience, was I wrong?

When matters on the Ebro failed
And Cornford died and Campbell railed
And I to my Tahiti sailed
  To ape Loti and Rupert's throng,
  Tell me, conscience, was I wrong?

When Russia smote the sledded Finn
And generals of the French let in
Germans to practice mutual sin
  And I read Horace all night long,
  Tell me, conscience, was I wrong?

When London like the phoenix burned
And flew in fire and fire returned
And peace beneath the umbrella spurned,
  Did I to either side belong?
  Tell me, conscience, was I wrong?

When dolls in armor with their toys
Scuttled our fleet with frightful noise
And I obeyed the White House voice,
  My best friend was in prison flung.
  Tell me, conscience, was I wrong?

—KARL SHAPIRO

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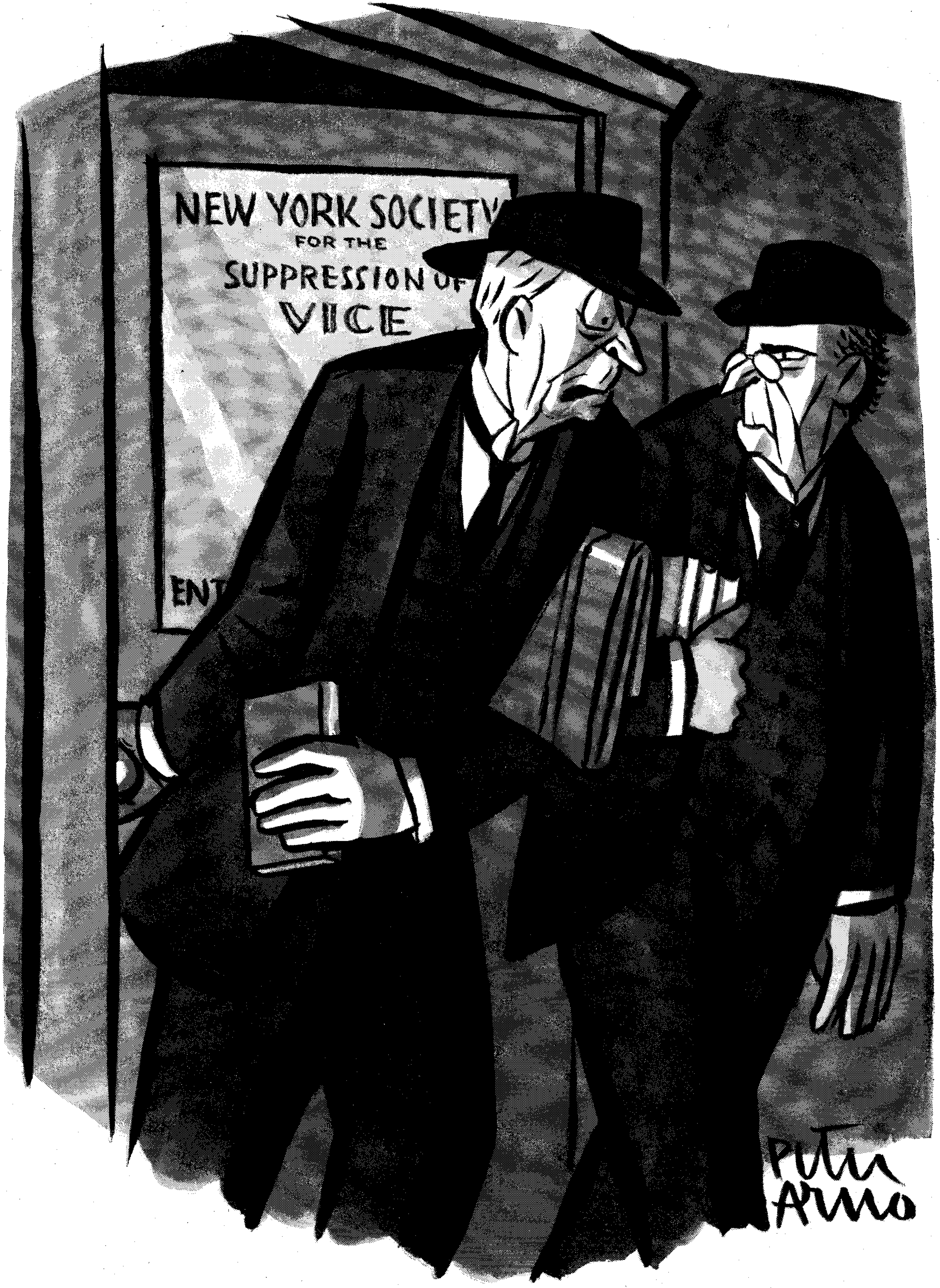
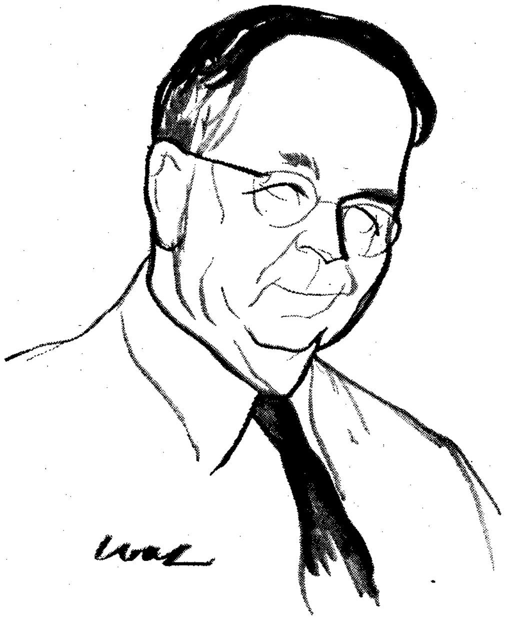

NEW YORK SOCIETY
FOR THE
SUPPRESSION OF
VICE
ENT
Peter Arno

"Did you ever have one of those awful days when ***everything*** *seems to go right?"*

PROFILES

DEMOCRACY'S FRIEND

I—BEWILDERMENT IN SEDALIA



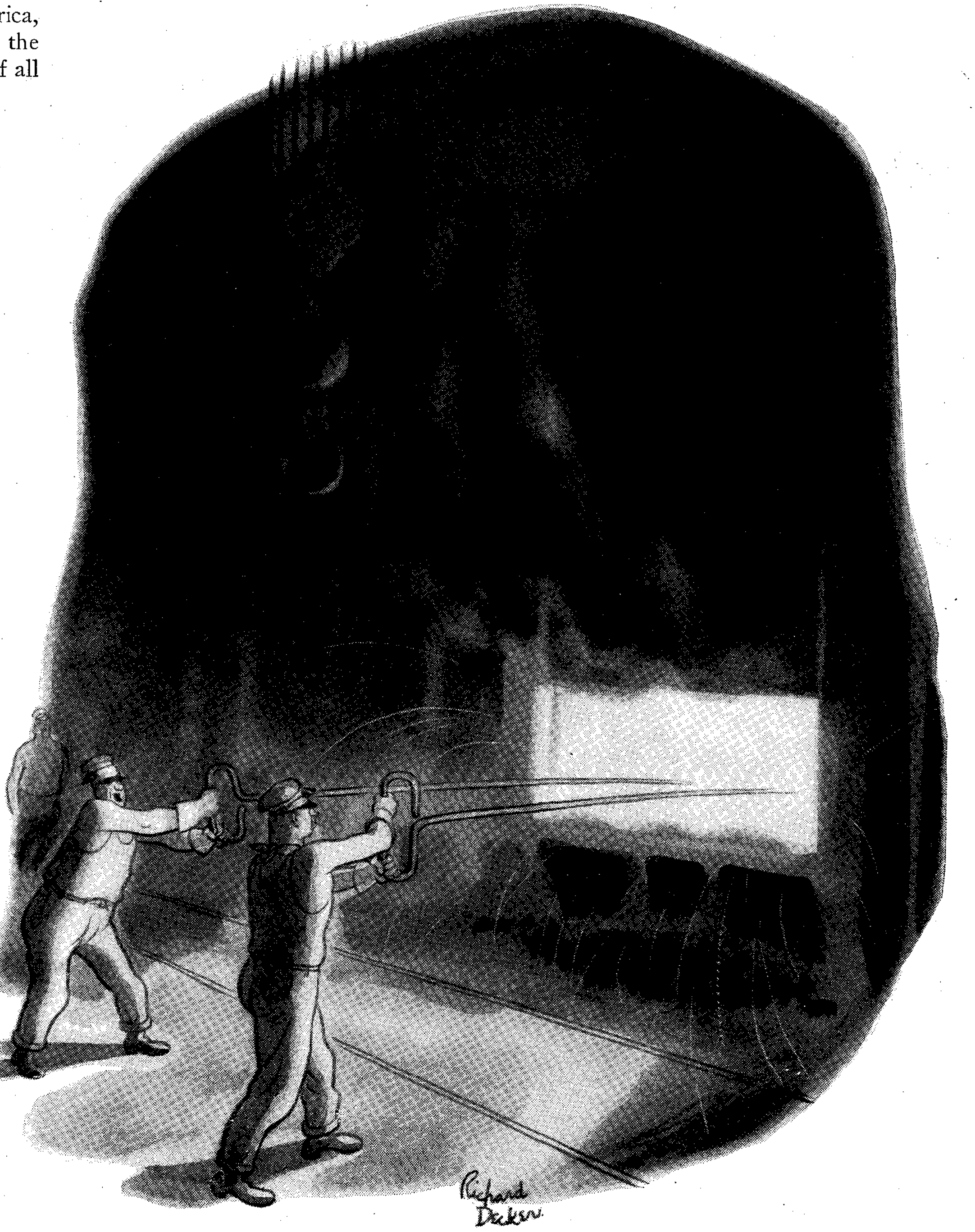
Leon Milton Birkhead

OF all the Americans currently concerned about the loyalty or disloyalty of their fellow-citizens toward their government, few are more familiar with the complexities of this delicate issue than is the Reverend Leon Milton Birkhead, national director of a non-partisan, non-sectarian, non-profit, anti-totalitarian propaganda agency known as Friends of Democracy, Inc. Birkhead, a man of substantial loyalty himself, is extensively acquainted with the activities of those Americans who have veered toward the extreme Right or the extreme Left, and he has been roundly and, to him, gratifyingly denounced by spokesmen for both groups. To the Chicago *Tribune*, whose editorial writers he has been a constant inspiration to, Friends of Democracy is "a little smear bund," and its director, "Comrade Birkhead," is generally identified by some such colorful and imaginative phrase as "a clerical Red who preached free love from a Christian pulpit until his congregation booted him out." To one of the staff writers of the *Sunday Worker*, which, like the *Daily Worker*, never calls Birkhead Comrade, he is "more concerned with boosting J. Edgar Hoover's campaign against the Communist vanguard of the anti-Fascist movement than in cleaning out the Fascists themselves." This sentiment has been echoed by an editor of the *New Masses*, who once wrote of Birkhead and of another non-Communist, "Who compels them to embrace the Red-baiting of the Fascists and to become fingermen for reaction?" To Frederick Woltman, a Scripps-Howard reporter who not long ago parlayed a series of articles on Communism into a Pulitzer Prize, Birkhead is a notable symbol of anti-subversivism. Woltman is a thoroughgoing journalist who keeps voluminous files on people whom he considers to fall within his special province, and it would chagrin many of Birkhead's enemies, who believe that he is a Communist or, at the very least, a Communist sympathizer, to know that Woltman, who has never been particularly hesitant about calling anybody a Red, has Birkhead tucked away in a Manila folder plainly labelled "Non-Reds." Woltman recently said, in an informal testimonial to Birkhead, "He knows the score." Birkhead's knowledge of subversive activities is impressive. In 1938, he astonished a good many Americans by reciting a list of eight hundred organizations in this country that, in his opinion, were purveyors of the Nazi propaganda line. A couple of weeks ago, he astonished a fellow who telephoned him to make a casual inquiry about the antics of a tiny Left Wing group by reciting in full the bylaws of the organization in question. Birkhead, whose salary for serving as democracy's friend is ten thousand dollars a year, is one of the country's best-informed students of un-American activities, and he has never been invited to testify before the Un-American Activities Committee of the House of Representatives.

Birkhead is a sixty-two-year-old Unitarian minister, who is still in good clerical standing, though he no longer occupies a pulpit, and who has never been an advocate of free love. He was born on a farm in a section of the Middle West that H. L. Mencken, an old friend of his, used to include in the Bible Belt. He has a large, bald head fringed with white hair, a perpetually benign, ministerial expression, and, except when he is jousting with enemies of democracy, a benevolent disposition. He has read as many books as most full-time book reviewers, partly because he suffers chronically from insomnia. Owing to the same disability, he is intimately acquainted with the personalities of several all-night disc jockeys. He is a glib orator, having delivered a couple of thousand sermons and a couple of thousand lay lectures; he speaks in a gentle, soothing rumble. Inwardly, he may seethe with the frustrations of a veteran progressive forever being reminded anew that progress comes discouragingly slowly; outwardly, he appears to be merely a stout, mild, absent-minded, strictly conventional middle-class American, whose name might well be Babbitt and who could pass in any crowd for an insurance salesman or hardware-store proprietor. People who meet him for the first time at symposia on current events, literary cocktail parties, or fund-raising dinners are apt to decide, upon looking him over, that he couldn't possibly know the score of anything. The area in which he grew up has been dealt with not only by Mencken but, somewhat less cholericly, by Mark Twain. Birkhead often says that he was raised in "the Mark Twain school of thinking." When Birkhead was a boy, his family used to tell him a possibly apocryphal story about a trip the writer had taken through a cathedral in Rome. Twain's guide was said to have pointed to some candles and remarked reverently that they had been lighted by Saint Peter and hadn't been extinguished since, at which point Twain stepped forward and blew them out. In moments of self-appraisal, Birkhead likes to think that this legend is symbolic of his own career. "My friends have told me that there is too much of this strain of Mark Twain in me," he once said. Birkhead has been blowing out traditional candles ever since he was old enough to take a man-sized breath. At one time or another in the past forty years, he has played a prominent and argumentative part—often speaking from a pulpit he filled for twenty-two years in Kansas City, Missouri—in public debates on such hot issues of our century as woman's suffrage, legalized gambling, evolution, Freud, corruption in municipal politics, the League of Nations, sex, Technocracy, the Sacco-Vanzetti case, walkathons, prohibition, euthanasia, divorce, isolationism, interventionism, and an endless number of religious problems, such as whether or not rain can be produced by prayer. (He has always maintained that it cannot.) Birkhead is never visibly ruffled by such vast intellectual exertions, and his manner is so disarmingly placid, and often seemingly so naïve, that some people who have met him in New York, where he now lives, and who have heard only that he is a migrant from Missouri, think that they are face to face with, as Twain might have put it, an innocent abroad.

THERE are quite a number of organizations in this country devoted to combatting symptoms of authoritarianism. Among the more prominent of them are the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, which mainly attacks anti-Semitism; the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League, which began, in the thirties, by asking Americans to boycott German goods and has, since the decline and fall of Nazism, turned its attention to jobs like exposing the Columbians in Georgia; and the Council Against Intolerance in America, which concentrates on fostering the teaching of tolerance in schools. Of all such groups, Friends of Democracy, which Birkhead founded in 1937 and whose avowed mission is "fighting all forms of bigotry and oppression," is generally regarded as the most militant. It has taken voluble and aggressive exception to all groups and individuals who, in its opinion, infringe on the rights of other groups and individuals, and it subscribes heartily to the old-fashioned military notion that the best defense is a vigorous attack. Even before Birkhead founded Friends of Democracy, he had identified himself as "a violent advocate of minority rights" and had settled upon the phrase "pitiless publicity" to describe what he believes is the most effective means of counteracting the efforts of totalitarians. His fondness for this alliterative phrase is enormous, and he uses it often in his speeches, of which he makes around three hundred a year. He also practices what he preaches. In the past ten years, Friends of Democracy has printed and distributed forty million pieces of expository and truculent literature, some of it in three or four colors, calculated to neutralize the propaganda circulated by people Birkhead considers enemies of democracy, or friends of enemies of democracy, and therefore deserving of pitiless publicity. His favorite term for these folk is "anti-propagandists," by which he means not people who are against propaganda but people whose kind of propaganda is, in his view, "agin everything"—people, that is, who are anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic, anti-Negro, anti-democracy, anti-anti-intolerance, and anti-Birkhead.

Many Americans hesitate to charge their fellow-citizens with being extreme Rightists or extreme Leftists, but Birkhead's bellicosity is so immense that reticence is impossible for him. He loves to name names and on occasion has to be restrained by the Friends' lawyers. The program for a recent Friends of Democracy fund-raising dinner included a skit, laid in 1950, dramatizing the coming of Fascism to this country. The original script mentioned half a dozen living Americans as leaders of the Fascist coup. These names were deleted after Birkhead's attorneys pointed out that using them, while no more than hypothetically justified, was unarguably libellous. For a man in his line of work, Birkhead has been on the receiving end of remarkably few libel suits. Currently, he is standing by for a grand-jury hearing on a criminal-libel charge brought against him by Lambert Fairchild, a former New York City alderman, noted for his partiality to gray spats, who resented being called anti-Semitic in a semi-monthly bulletin Birkhead gets out called *Friends of De-*



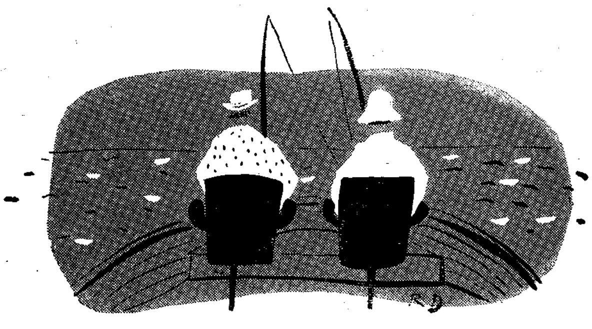
"One thing you have to say for it, though—it's a dry heat."

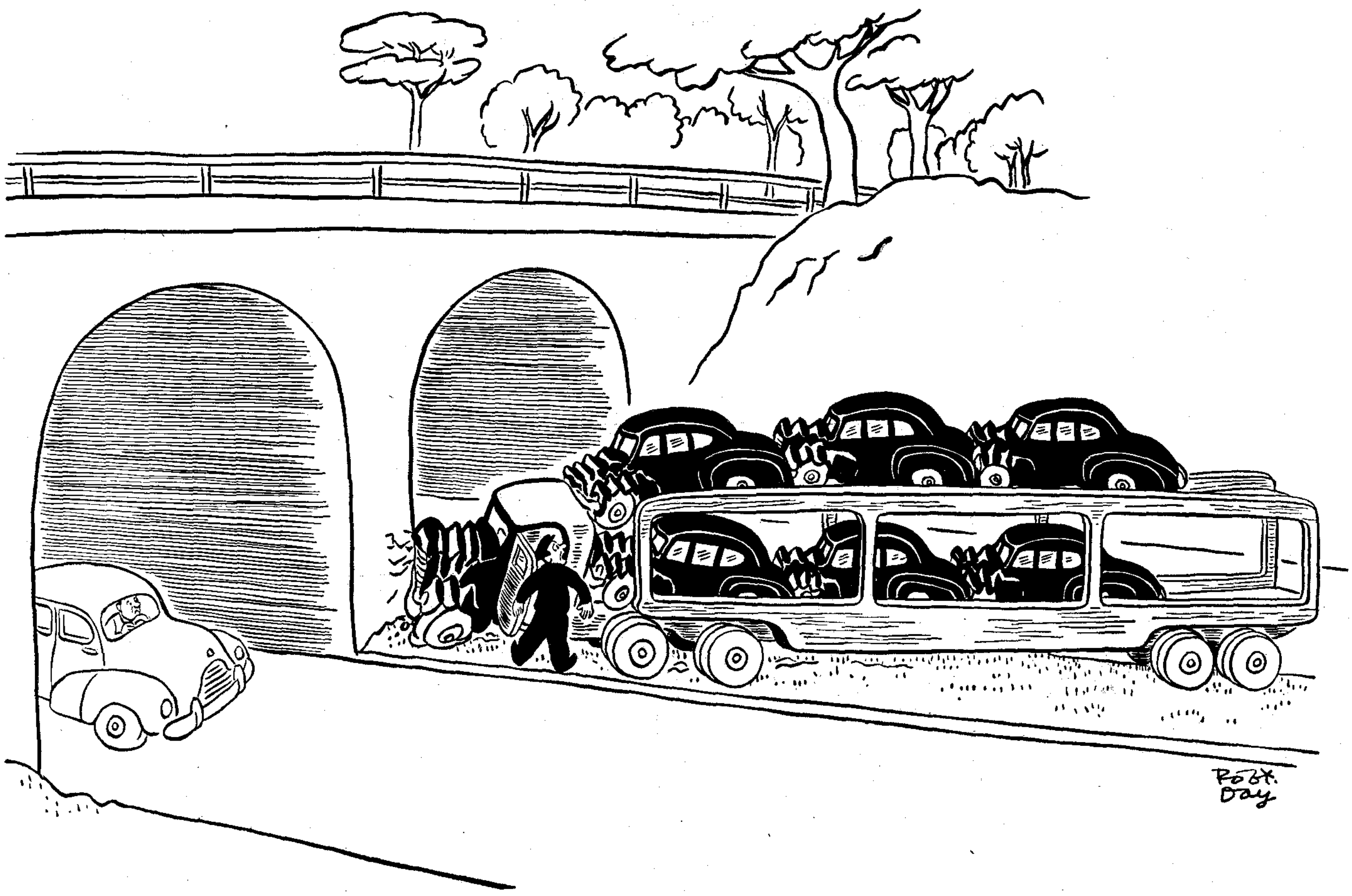
mocracy's Battle. Neither Birkhead nor his organization has ever been found legally guilty of misrepresentation. Friends of Democracy named names at the time of the San Francisco Conference, when, at the request of the State Department, it furnished a roster of people who it thought wanted to undermine the United Nations. Just a few weeks ago, Birkhead was consulted by a couple of United Nations officials who wished to know about some of the postwar isolationists who are bewailing American participation in extraterritorial affairs. Birkhead gave the officials a long report, full of names, and promised to issue biweekly supplements.

Friends of Democracy has always considered "the preservation and extension of democracy" two of its functions. Its means of accomplishing these ends have included a campaign against Father Charles E. Coughlin, who stopped broadcasting not long after the organization put out an illuminating pamphlet on his views; a campaign against Gerald L. K. Smith, whose activities Friends of Democracy chronicled in another pamphlet, under the heading "Pattern for Revolution;" a campaign against the prewar America First Committee, which Friends of Democracy said was knowingly or unknowingly a Nazi transmission belt; a campaign against American Action, Inc., a postwar fraternity of conservatives, ostensibly fighting Communism, which Friends of Democracy called a postwar version of the America First Committee; a campaign against congressmen whom Birkhead has detected holding hands with people whose hands he deems unclean; and a war against the Chicago *Tribune* and the New York *Daily News*, to which newspapers Birkhead applies the adjective "obstructionist." During the preparation of the Justice Department's abortive case, during the war, against twenty-eight alleged seditionists, agents of the United States Attorney General's office spent a good deal of time looking through Friends of Democracy's files of subversive literature and borrowed twelve hundred documents to use as exhibits. Birkhead testified for the prosecution before the grand jury that handed down the indictments, and he would have testified during the trial if it hadn't been cut short by the presiding judge's death. Last February, Friends of Democracy issued an instructive memorandum entitled "How to Identify an American Communist," which prompted a writer for the *New Masses* to state that a Communist can be accurately identified only after he has been tortured to death; and in May the organization put out a companion piece, entitled "How to Recognize an American Pro-Fascist," to which American pro-Fascists have reacted by saying, in effect, that there's nobody here but us chickens.

One of Friends of Democracy's most fruitful accomplishments has been discovering a man named Avedis Derounian, better known by his pen name of John Roy Carlson. He is now the organization's chief investigator and has written two highly controversial books, "Under Cover" and "The Plotters," which have had a combined sale of nearly eight hundred thousand copies. Carlson is thought by some people—including O. John Rogge, a prosecutor in the mass sedition trial—to be the country's most gifted private investigator of Right Wing subversives, and it is perhaps significant, in trying to evaluate Birkhead's standing in such special fields of inquiry, that Carlson always respectfully addresses him as Boss. Friends of Democracy has never, of course, stood alone in duelling with democracy's enemies, and it is therefore difficult to judge the organization's effectiveness solely by the outcome of the propaganda wars in which it has earned battle stars. There have been many indications, however, that its influence is considerable. A while ago, a minister who had achieved unflattering notoriety because of one of Carlson's books telephoned to Birkhead and, speaking softly, as one clergyman to another, said that he planned to extend the privileges of his pulpit to a man whom he knew Birkhead did not admire. The minister wanted to know whether or not Birkhead would pitilessly publicize the guest speaker. Birkhead said that he most certainly would see that the guest, as well as his host, got pitilessly publicized. The minister said that in that case he thought he would just let the matter drop. Birkhead, whose occult powers at times seem to rival Superman's, claims knowledge of a recent quarrelsome tête-à-tête between two anti-propagandists, in which one said to the other, "I will write the true story about you to Friends of Democracy." Birkhead intimates that this threat caused the anti's antagonist to subside.

ANY organization like Friends of Democracy, concerned as it is with the abstractions that have an honored place in the vocabularies of all statesmen, radio commentators, demagogues, women's-club lecturers, valedictorians, editorial writers, ministers, propagandists, anti-propagandists, and anti-anti-propagandists, finds itself, every so often, in danger of foundering in a whirlpool of semantics. Not long ago, Birkhead said to a man who had come to see him in the hope of having a few everyday ideological terms defined for him by an expert, "You know, no matter what you may think of the Rightists and their vermin press, you have to give them credit for one thing: they've almost succeeded in kidnapping some very important words and torturing them all out of meaning. Take words like 'Christian' and 'American' and 'patriot' and 'Constitutional.' The Rightists use them all, time and time again, as if they had some exclusive claim on them. As a minister, I resent the use of 'Christian' by people who swear, and never go to church, and hate their neighbors. I resent the use of 'American' by people who don't recognize the civil rights of an American whose religion and racial background and political beliefs happen not to coincide exactly with their own. I resent the use of 'patriot' by people who gave aid and comfort to our enemies before and during the war and who now deride every attempt of their government to achieve world coöperation by sneering 'hoax' or 'hypocrisy.' I resent the use of 'Constitutional' by people who are working night and day to subvert the basic principles of our Constitution. Most of the words that these people use, and the names by which they call themselves, no longer give the faintest clue to what they really are. Remember that Huey Long once said that if and when Fascism came to this country, it would undoubtedly take the name of anti-Fascism. And take that poor, mistreated word 'democracy.' One of the Rightist propaganda lines is to put across the notion that this country isn't a democracy at all but a republic, and to label everybody who talks about democracy as a Leftist. And, finally, to make matters worse, the Communists themselves make such an outlandish





to-do about the word 'democracy,' as if they actually approved of it, that for a man in the middle it's all apt to be terribly confusing."

Birkhead's visitor asked for a definition of a "friend of democracy." Birkhead said, "A friend of democracy is one who is genuinely devoted to the principles in the Bill of Rights. People who hate Catholics or Jews are violating those principles and are not friends of democracy. Anyone who attacks minorities or wants to discriminate against them in any way is not a friend of democracy. Democracy, as I conceive it, is the middle-of-the-road procedure and not any extreme, fanatical idea. We live in a very complex world. No one has all the answers. As it says in our bulletin, friends of democracy must have faith in the infinite improvability of mankind. We have to keep the door to change open, and not let the extreme Right or the extreme Left slam it shut. To me, democracy means the open door. When I attempt to judge the enemies of democracy, I try to find out their attitude toward closing that door."

Birkhead is always trying to make new friends for democracy. When he was just starting in to recruit for it, he ended his letters with such exhortatory phrases as "Yours for a more intelligent Americanism," and for the past six years he has concluded all his correspondence, even to notably intimate cronies of democracy, with "Yours for the democratic way of life." At the moment, he is fairly optimistic about this country's chances for continuing that way of life. "Somebody was telling me only this morning that the fight is hopeless," he said the other afternoon. " 'Well,' I said, 'we're doing a lot better than that, and if it came to a showdown right now, eighty per cent of the people would be on the side of the angels.' " (Birkhead frequently employs the figures of speech of his preaching days. "Ah, yes," he said a while ago to a visitor, " 'Wisdom is better than weapons of war.' Ecclesiastes, Chapter Nine, Verse Eighteen, I believe.") According to an informal tabulation Birkhead recently made, there are a hundred million presumed friends of democracy and thirty million presumed enemies of democracy in the United States. He assigns everybody to one or the other category, except for the extremely young and a million or so mental defectives. He estimates that of the presumed enemies of democracy, twenty-five million are lined up on the Right and five million on the Left. J. Edgar Hoover was not long ago quoted as saying that there were seventy-four thousand American Communist Party members and ten sympathizers for each one of them, or a total of eight hundred and fourteen thousand Leftists. Just as Birkhead may have slightly exaggerated the number of enemies in left field, he may also have slightly exaggerated the number of those in right. He is convinced, though, from his analyses of audiences of Right Wing and Left Wing rallies, radio commentators, publications, and so on, that thirty million Americans have been affected to a discernible degree by the non-democratic propaganda of the extremists. A few weeks ago, Birkhead was asked by an acquaintance to compile a list of the most active individuals, groups, and publications in both camps. He sat down at his desk, pursed his lips, began to write briskly, and then held forth two sheets of paper, one in each hand, on which he had scribbled the following rosters and explanatory notes:

In his right hand:

The Chicago *Tribune* and Colonel Robert R. McCormick (follow the Right Wing line *in toto*)

Gerald L. K. Smith and his *The Cross and The Flag* (Smith is the ablest of all the current rabble-rousers and demagogues)

Merwin K. Hart and his National Economic Council (Hart is an apologist for Franco and follower of pro-Fascist line)

Gerald B. Winrod and his *Defender*

"I guess you were too sure of his overconfidence."

(leading fundamentalist preacher and anti-propagandist)

Joseph P. Kamp and his Constitutional Educational League (pamphleteer for all Right Wing groups and leaders)

Harvey H. Springer and his *Western Voice* (Winrod's "yes man" and ally of Gerald L. K. Smith)

Elizabeth Dilling and her Patriotic Research Bureau (leading "authority" on Reds and Red activities in the United States)

We, the Mothers Mobilize for America, and their *Women's Voice* (leading "mothers" group)

Kurt Mertig and his Citizens Protective League (leading attempt to revive the principles of the German-American Bund)

The Ku Klux Klan (the chief white-robed, night-riding group)

John T. Flynn (one of the leading pamphleteers for the extreme Right Wingers)

Father Edward Lodge Curran (chief spokesman for the surviving Coughlinite groups)

And in his left hand:

The Communist Party (obviously the agent of a foreign power)

The *Daily Worker* (official organ of the Communist Party of the U.S.A.)

New Masses (a Communist publication)

The Civil Rights Congress (follows the Communist Party line and looks out for the civil rights mainly of Communists)

American Youth for Democracy (successor to the Young Communist League)

The National Council of American-Soviet Friendship (under the guise of promoting American-Russian friendship, it plugs Soviet foreign policy)

The Council on African Affairs, the America-Slav Congress, and the Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy (these three outfits all plug Soviet foreign policy)

The Congress of American Women (one of whose principal spokesmen is Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, head of the women's division of the Communist Party in the U.S.)

SINCE joining the fight against the enemies of democracy, Birkhead has, not unnaturally, gone about his task with a singleness of purpose like that of a religious crusader, and some of his dilettantish friends are astounded by his zeal. His enemies contend that he has an ulterior motive—either that he is a ringleader in a Communistic-Jewish conspiracy to destroy the good names of patriotic, Constitutional, nationalistic, Christian Americans or that he is a fingerman for reaction. Sinclair Lewis, a man who has known him well for twenty-two years, who has never displayed any great enthusiasm for the clergy or for anyone connected with social-minded organizations, and whose skepticism is profound, recently said of Birkhead, "As nearly as a human being can be, he is completely on the level." Given a sympathetic audience, Birkhead's espousal of democracy can be compelling indeed. On June 27, 1940, the night the Republican National Convention met to nominate its candidate for the Presidency, Birkhead went to a dinner party on Park Avenue attended largely by Republicans, all of whom were eager to learn who would be chosen as their standard-bearer. Somewhere around the salad course, the lady at Birkhead's left asked him what the two middle initials in the name of Gerald L. K. Smith stood for. Birkhead, who knows a good opening when he sees one, spent the next three hours in a reply so eloquent and absorbing that all his companions were entranced. "It was eleven o'clock before any of us remembered to switch on the Capehart," his hostess later said. "That wonderful, bouncy old preacher had us so spellbound we even forgot about Willkie."

Birkhead resigned from his pastorate in Kansas City in the spring of 1939. In his abdicating sermon, he said, "The most important question confronting contemporary civilization is whether dictatorship or democracy will conquer," and then announced that he was off to join the army of democracy and to do what he could to resolve the struggle in its favor. He continues to think of himself as a soldier. "I'm still here battling away," he said cheerfully a few weeks ago in response to the inquiry of a man who had phoned merely to ask how he was feeling. Before enlisting for full-time service, he was known as an extraordinarily outspoken preacher even among Unitarians, a sect whose ministers are noted for the broadness of their views, and he had become the friend of aggressively iconoclastic laymen like Clarence Darrow, for whom he did some leg work in 1925 at the Scopes trial; Emanuel Haldeman-Julius, the Little Blue Book publisher, to whose interminable list of titles Birkhead has contributed thirteen slim tracts; Sinclair Lewis, for whom he served as technical adviser on "Elmer Gantry;" and Mencken, whom he met at the Scopes trial and with whom he has carried on a lively correspondence ever since. Mencken, a cynic about religion, always addresses Birkhead as "Dear Pastor."

Birkhead had been leading up to his defense of democracy against dictatorship for some time before he organized its friends. He had preached sermons, in the early thirties, on "Is Democracy Doomed?," "Why I Am Neither Communist Nor Fascist," "How to Save the World, Including America," "Is Fascism Next?," and so on. The thing that caused his declaration of war was a vacation trip to Europe in the summer of 1935. Once before, in the summer of 1931, he had been in Europe, that time with his wife and their only child, Kenneth, who is now executive director of his father's organization, and on that occasion they had motored all over the Continent, had visited all the fashionable cathedrals, and had been informed by a number of Germans whose opinions they respected that Hitler was a transitory pest not worth wasting time or thought on. When Birkhead returned to Kansas City after the first trip, he told an interviewer who asked him about conditions abroad that the English drove on the left-hand side of the road and that a tall glass of clean American ice water sure tasted good.

On Birkhead's return to Europe, four years later, he noticed that a number of the Germans who had discounted Hitler to him seemed to have disappeared. In Nuremberg, he walked into the office of a Nazi functionary named Paul Wurm, an associate of Julius Streicher. Wurm and Birkhead had a rather unusual conversation, in the course of which the Nazi showed his clerical caller a bulky file of correspondence that Streicher's office had been carrying on with Americans who, Wurm said, were considered by the German hierarchy reliable overseas transmitters of Nazi propaganda. Birkhead thinks that Wurm divulged this information to him partly out of boastfulness and partly in an attempt to win him over to the Nazi cause. Certain friends of Birkhead think it is more likely that Wurm took him for a harmless and bumbling tourist without a retentive cell in his brain and felt free to talk. At any rate, Birkhead, whose memory is excellent, jotted down a few names while Wurm was looking out of a window and many more the moment he had taken leave of Wurm's astounding hospitality, and a few days later he wrote, naming names, an article that the Associated Press bureau in Berlin sent over to this country. Birkhead also visited Russia on his second European trip, but he ran into no loquacious officials there, and his most interesting experience was to find himself suspected—by a Soviet customs inspector who spied in his luggage an aging copy of the Kansas City *Star*—of being a carrier of alien literature. When Birkhead returned to the United States, in the fall, he discovered that his dispatch from Germany had not created much excitement here. Annoyed, he decided that he had better thoroughly expose American Right Wingers before they got a toe hold on this country, and that since few people, judging from events abroad, could distinguish an inconsequential Fascist crackpot from a potential Führer, he had better play safe by gathering and circulating all the information he could amass about the Friends of Wurm. Anxious to find out just what sort of people they were, Birkhead proceeded to make a good many calls, among them one on Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling, who had written "The Red Network," a handbook on Left Wing activities, charging that practically every American public figure to the left of herself was involved in them. Her listing included the Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick but not the Reverend Mr. Birkhead. She later made up for this oversight by devoting some space to him in "The Octopus," an anti-Semitic sequel she put out under the pseudonym of Reverend Frank Woodruff Johnson; by issuing several pieces of anti-Birkhead and anti-Friends of Democracy literature; and by dubbing his organization Character Assassination, Inc., an invention that has since been widely acclaimed and repeated by her friends and his enemies.

In a Patriotic Research Bureau bulletin issued in May, 1941, Mrs. Dilling published a letter she had written to Birkhead earlier that year, reminding him of the time he called on her after his enlightening trip to Nuremberg. "I remember how, in 1936, you came out to my house, on a fake errand," she had written, "to spy on me while I was writing 'The Roosevelt Red Record and Its Background.' You are pleasing in manner and appearance, smooth and polished. I interviewed you at the front door with witnesses posted about, and we read your not-unexpected falsification of what I said, later on. . . . It is doubtful whether your crowd can keep truth forever on the cross and falsehood forever on the throne. As Americans waken—look out!" Birkhead's version of this meeting is that Mrs. Dilling didn't want to see him at all when he rang her doorbell; that she did so only after he had said he was eager to learn why she had listed certain friends of his, like Dr. Fosdick and William Allen White, in "The Red Network;" that she couldn't very well have had many witnesses posted about unless she is telepathic, inasmuch as she had no conventional advance knowledge of his coming; and that it was hardly true to say that she interviewed him, since, once she consented to face him, she did nearly all the talking, lecturing him for thirty minutes about Communists and Jews. Mrs. Dilling's estimate of Birkhead has not mellowed with the passing of time. In reply to a recent request for her current opinion of him, she wrote, "I would say that he is an ardent liar and character assassin serving the Marxist front," and went on to imply that she planned to have him hauled into court soon "to decide whether a Constitutional anti-Marxist American [presumably herself] can be libelled and persecuted with impunity by the Left Wing Smearbund."

Birkhead, whose ministerial salary in 1936 was five thousand dollars, helped to pay his travelling expenses while wandering about making such calls, and at the same time helped to spread the word, by lecturing wherever he could round up an audience. In Sedalia, Missouri, he addressed a joint luncheon meeting of Rotary and Kiwanis, and so vehemently lit into the foe that the Sedalia *Democrat* said, in commenting upon his remarks, "Monday was a bewildering day for many Sedalians. The Fascists, Nazis, and Communists came in for verbal cudgelling against which even a medieval cuirass would not have been impenetrable." Birkhead had already met one of the Right Wingers he called on. That was the Reverend Gerald B. Winrod, with whom he had become acquainted during the fierce arguments of the mid-twenties on the subject of whether or not the theory of evolution should be taught in tax-supported schools. Some religious fundamentalists, including Winrod, a Wichita, Kansas, evangelist, thought that the Bible should be taken literally and that evolution was a heathenish fabrication. Birkhead, who doesn't take the Bible too literally and had said in several sermons that there were a hundred and fifty thousand errors in it, agreed, like a number of other open-minded clergymen, that the scientific arguments in

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favor of evolution were sufficiently convincing to warrant telling children the facts about apes. Winrod organized a portable debating team of anti-evolutionists called the Flying Fundamentalists, who toured the Middle West denouncing Darwin, and once, while Birkhead was delivering a pro-evolutionary sermon from his own pulpit, Winrod heckled him from a rear pew. In January, 1927, at the height of this controversy, Winrod began publishing the *Defender*, which had as its slogan "Back to the Bible." In an early issue, Winrod indicated that his initial impression of Birkhead had been not unlike what Mrs. Dilling's was later to be. "He is a delightful person to talk with," the fundamentalist wrote, "possessing every evidence of education and refinement." By 1936, when Birkhead called on him in Wichita, Winrod seemed to find him a less agreeable companion. "All the time I was talking with him," Birkhead said later, "there was a man standing behind me holding a large club. Apparently they thought I might start something." (Birkhead has long been paunchy, slow of foot, and an enemy of exercise, and he would probably come off badly in a scuffle with a man with a large club, let alone with a Flying Fundamentalist.) In 1938, just after Birkhead, who was still in Kansas City, had founded Friends of Democracy, Winrod announced his candidacy for senator from Kansas in the Republican primary. Birkhead had been reading the *Defender* and had been distressed by the anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic, antidemocratic tenor of some of its articles. He persuaded a number of Midwest clergymen who felt the way he did to join him in a "Stop Winrod" drive. They called themselves the Kansas Friends of Democracy and issued a leaflet, entitled "What's Wrong with Winrod?," which indicated that they thought plenty was. Winrod had accumulated a large following, mostly on the strength of his being a friend of the Bible, and influential Republicans, reluctant to risk getting into possible religious complications, had declined to commit themselves about him. Birkhead, afraid that Winrod might win in spite of the Kansas Friends, went to see Alf M. Landon, who, on learning some facts about Winrod, talked things over with John D. M. Hamilton, then chairman of the Republican National Committee. Three weeks before primary day, Hamilton publicly repudiated Winrod, who proceeded to run third among four contestants for the Senatorial nomination and did not again achieve national prominence until he was indicted by the government for sedition in 1942. He says nothing complimentary about Birkhead now; when Winrod put out a booklet last year entitled "Persecuted Preachers," one of his main points was that Birkhead was persecuting him.

BIRKHEAD did not let his huge interest in Winrod distract him from other road blocks he saw along the democratic way of life. In the summer of 1937, for instance, when the German-American Bund was going strong hereabouts, Birkhead sent a long telegram to Dr. Hans Dieckhoff, German Ambassador to the United States, in which he made several requests of Dr. Dieckhoff's government. One was for a permit that would authorize Birkhead to go to Germany and, without interference from the Nazis, organize overseas branches of Friends of Democracy among democratic-minded Germans. A second request was that Birkhead be granted the privilege of marching the members of these foreign branches along German streets and highways, carrying the American flag and shouting excerpts from the Declaration of Independence. "I should like, moreover," Birkhead added, "to have it specifically stated in my permit that the Friends of Democracy may set up semi-military camps on German soil and carry on propaganda against German Nazism." Dr. Dieckhoff did not reply. Neither did Earl Browder when, in November, 1940, while Hitler and Molotov were conferring in Berlin about the implementation of the Nazi-Soviet pact, Birkhead sent the then head of the American Communist Party a telegram demanding that he either repudiate the Russian government or register with the State Department as the agent of a foreign power.

Shortly after his political tilt with Winrod, Birkhead came to New York with an exhibit of subversive literature he had been collecting, and he was persuaded by a number of people who studied it—principally Clarence H. Low, then treasurer of the New York State Democratic Committee and now treasurer of Friends of Democracy—to set up a branch of the organization here. Early in 1939, Birkhead established an Eastern regional office of Friends of Democracy in New York. He then started to get up a list of important sponsors, practically a requisite for the letterhead of any big-city group of this sort, and he soon had assembled an impressive roster of national committee-

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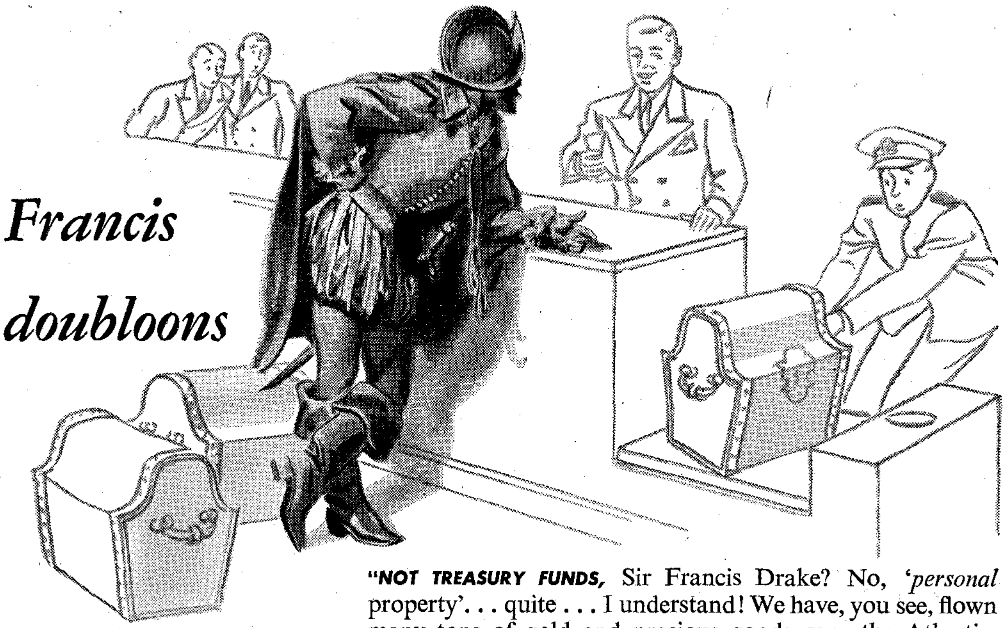

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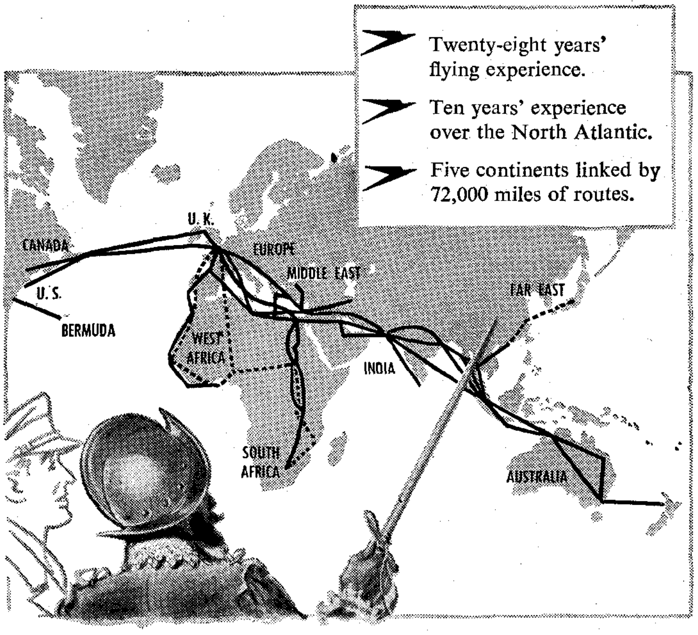

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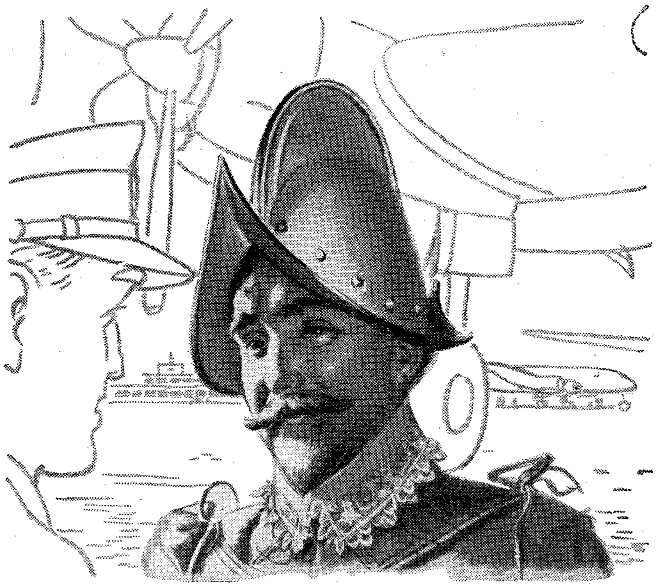

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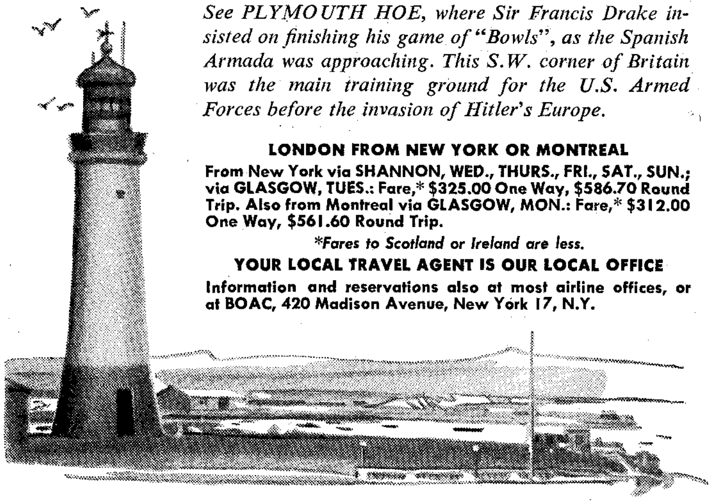

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men, including such distinguished literary friends of democracy as Louis Bromfield, Van Wyck Brooks, John Dewey, Will Durant, Thomas Mann, and Westbrook Pegler. Birkhead had never met Pegler, but he thought he would make an acceptable sponsor because of some anti-Nazi and anti-Coughlin articles he had written in the mid-thirties. "He seemed to be on our side," Birkhead now says. He wrote to Pegler, asking him to serve on the national committee, and Pegler accepted. A few months later, when Friends of Democracy announced that it hoped to raise five million dollars, through contributions, to carry on and intensify its operations, Pegler resigned, feeling, he has since explained, that he didn't have time to take an active part in the outfit's work and that he didn't choose to be an inactive sponsor of "the activity which might ensue after a few men had acquired the power that would be theirs with so much money at their command." Birkhead has never managed to get his hands on more than a tiny fraction of five million dollars, but Pegler has taken a dissenting view of the ensuing activity anyway and from time to time has publicized it rather pitilessly. "It would be inexact to call the Friends of Democracy a Communist organization," he remarked in his column early this year, "because it seems to be devoted only to a vague and variable something called 'democracy.' " It would, of course, be just as inexact for Birkhead or anyone else to call Pegler a pro-Fascist writer, because he seems to be devoted only to a vague and variable something called Westbrook Pegler. Birkhead does not object to Pegler's defection as such—Birkhead himself has resigned from several organizations after becoming convinced that they were being used for the propagation of Communist sentiments—but he has sorrowfully concluded that Pegler, despite the promise he showed a decade ago, is definitely not on the side of the angels. Friends of Democracy, accordingly, is at present doing what it conceives to be its duty to the cause of democracy by preparing an elaborate brochure on the subject of the backsliding of one of its founding fathers.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the first of a series of three articles.*)

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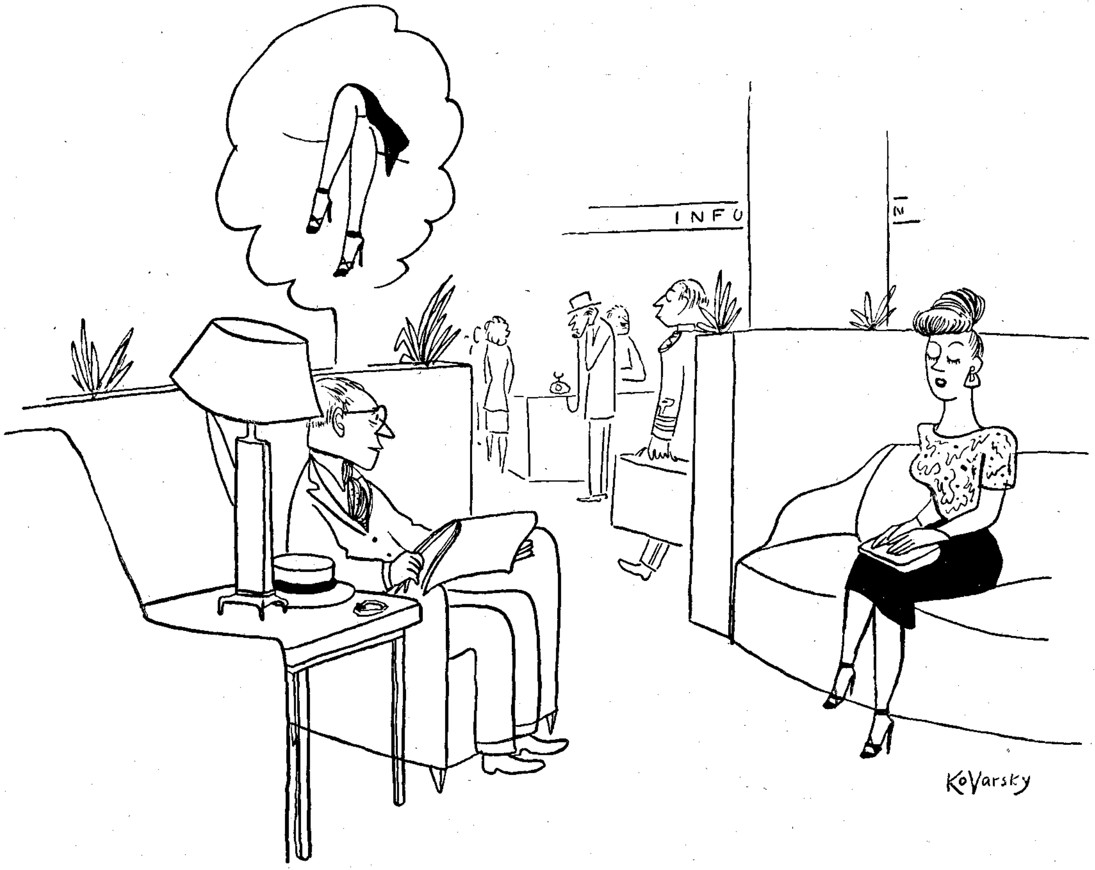
THE THEATRE

OLD RIP, NEW RABBIT

THE folk tales of any region make attractive reading, and, in the hands of Washington Irving, those of the Hudson River Valley turned out even better than most, equipping young America with some of the prettiest legends in the world. What happened when Joe Jefferson decided to translate "Rip Van Winkle" to the stage was, unfortunately, something quite different. Being a practical man, Mr. Jefferson was after a vehicle for his own peculiar comedy rather than a faithful rendering of a classic, and what he achieved was almost inevitably an appalling vulgarization of Irving's story. Today, of course, the magic of Mr. Jefferson's personality is lost and we have no way of knowing what singular and tremendous mannerisms, what exceptional resonance of voice, and what inexpressible physical allure he brought to the part. Except for a few quaint photographs and a good many romantic memoirs, we have nothing but the script, and since it is unquestionably one of the most dismaying specimens of humorous prose in the language, Mr. Jefferson's historic success with it can be classified only as one of the great mysteries or miracles of the American stage.

In fact, looking at the revival of "Rip" the other evening at the City Center, I was conscious of two powerful emotions. The first was an indignant boredom unequalled by any experience of mine outside of my dentist's chair. The second was astonishment, mixed with a certain amount of embarrassment for my ancestors, who apparently supported the damn thing with crazy enthusiasm from 1866 until sometime around 1905. The production offered by the current troupe is, I should say, reasonably competent. The acting, in the hands of pleasant, if not spectacular, performers, like Philip Bourneuf, Grace Coppin, Byron McGrath, and Frances Reid, is sensible and conscientious. The scenery, designed by Carl Kent, though stylized with a determined playfulness that doesn't happen to amuse me particularly, is at least bright and cheerful, and the masks executed by Remo Bufano for Hendrik Hudson and the bowling dwarfs are almost too ingenious arrangements of crêpe hair and putty. The revels of the simple villagers have the customary bounce, and the thunder-and-lightning effects supplied by anonymous technicians are very satisfactory indeed. Herbert Berghof, employed to direct what is nothing if it is not a starring vehicle without a perceptible star, was clearly somewhat at a loss and, after two acts of painful indecision, seems to have decided that the thing to do was to burlesque the whole foolish business, much in the manner of such bygone rascalities as "The Black Crook" and "The Fireman's Flame." It was probably as good a solution as any, though belated. They all, in fact, have tried their best, but the task of delivering some forty thousand words, none of which has any trace of grace or wit, has just been too much for them, and I'm afraid that they are responsible for an evening that might well be considered wearing in a high-school auditorium.

THE leading visible character in "Harvey" is a hard problem for an actor, and it is not especially surprising that James Stewart wasn't quite successful with it when he replaced Frank Fay last week. On the surface, Elwood P. Dowd is supposed to be the gentlest of men—a good drunk, chiefly distinguished by his delusion about that enormous rabbit and his nice, boozy affection for all the world. It is an engaging conception, but dangerously close to the kind of whimsey that disfigures so much British humor and even occasionally afflicts practitioners of our own. The ideal performance (Mr. Fay's) produces Elwood as described above, but it also has a hard core of something really ribald, disreputable, and unbalanced underneath. It is all right to love Elwood, but you should also feel that, like almost any drunk, he is watchful, sardonic, and capable of sudden, dark changes. Mr. Fay was able to supply this corrective acidity because, as an old vaudevillian, he is the master of a thousand faintly shady acting tricks that somehow managed to cast some doubt on the perfect sweetness of Elwood's nature, and also because the years have given him a rather rakish and damaged air, which was often strikingly at variance with his ten-



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der, lofty lines. Mr. Fay got Elwood's fuzzy benevolence very affectingly, but he made it a good deal funnier by subtly conveying that there was a tough, experienced souse somewhere in the background.

Mr. Stewart, on the other hand, is almost all boyish appeal. He is charming where his predecessor was strange, tentative where he seemed incisive, and simply drunk where he gave a much more difficult effect of total and permanent saturation. His performance, unrelieved by any suggestion that Elwood has his sinister side, has a certain innocent monotony about it, and I have an idea that it subtracts a good deal from the original quality of the play. It is a curious thing, but the rabbit himself seems to take on an entirely new character with a new man playing opposite him. It was easy to think of Mr. Fay's shadowy companion as a rather loud, hard-boiled type, the hero of some pretty rough parties down along the waterfront. Mr. Stewart's is more apt to appear to you huge, soft, and whimsical, right out of "Alice in Wonderland." As a warmup for the projected appearance of Mr. Dowd in the moving pictures, where humor, generally speaking, is also kept rather big and soft, Mr. Stewart's interpretation is probably very sound. On the stage, however, it is a little disappointing, especially when placed in direct comparison with such acting as that displayed by Josephine Hull. There, now, is a great woman.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

COMPLEMENTARY

Blue to orange—
The indigo bunting to the tall day lilies.

Yellow to purple—
The goldfinch to delphinium or
larkspur.

Red to green
(And best of all)—
The scarlet tanager to the mulberry
branches.

—Rolfe Humphries

•

Mr. W. O. Norrel lost his house by fire Saturday night when his oil stove exploded. All his household goods were burned and his seed corn and other planting seed that were stored in the house were burned.

A big can of lard was said to have burned longer than the house. It is too bad to lose a can of lard as scarce as it is.—*Portales (N.M.) Tribune.*

There aren't *too* many houses, either, come to think of it.

THE RACE TRACK

That Horse Again

WHATEVER horse you bet on in the Empire Gold Cup at Belmont last Saturday, you probably had to admire the way Stymie won. After seeing Assault give him nine pounds and a beating in the Butler Handicap a week before, I, for one, doubted that he'd even be third. I hadn't forgotten what a game, honest fellow he is, but he just didn't seem to have a chance on form at even weights. Well, form and I were wrong, as we often are these days. (Natchez, by the way, was second and Assault third.) I must say, without wishing to belittle Stymie's achievement, that the race was run exactly to his liking, with a fast early pace that softened up the leaders for that spectacular rush he made in the stretch. His victory gave him top place on the money-winning list again, with $678,510—his share of the Gold Cup purse was $73,000—and a tidy lead over Assault, who has earned $623,370.

When the South American entries in the Gold Cup arrived here with their entourage, Dr. José Mora, Ensueño's trainer, who keeps up on the local past performances, said that the only horse he was worried about was Stymie. After the Butler, he switched to Assault. The one member of the party who never sold Stymie short was Juan Pedro Artigas, Endeavour II's rider. As the horses went to the post for the Butler, I was standing beside Artigas and I pointed out Stymie to him. A friend of the jockey, who was doing the translating, reported, "Artigas thinks Stymie is a very good horse—fine type." Later on, when Assault passed Stymie in the race, my interpreter said, "He says he is not impressed." After Assault won, the interpreter said, "He still thinks Stymie is a very good horse. He says if he had ridden him in this race, he would have won. He would like to ride Stymie sometime. He would win."

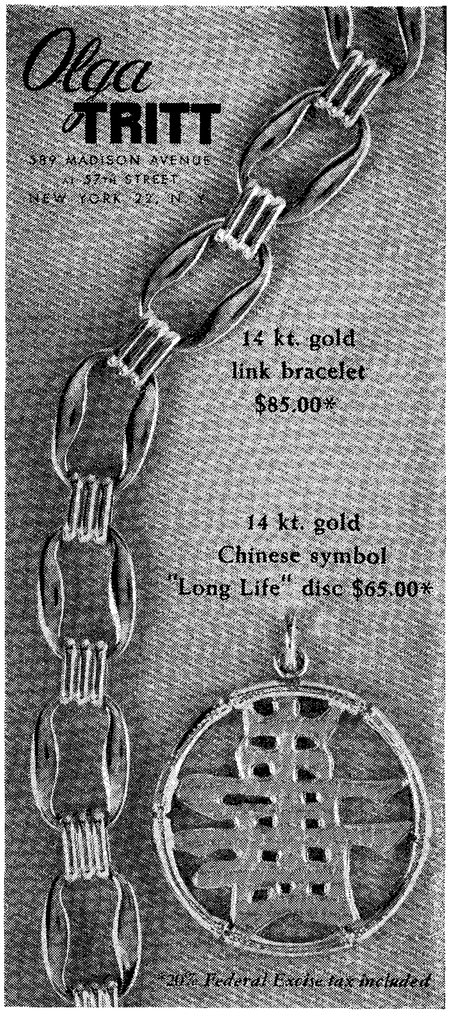
Opinions differ on the merits of Ensueño and Endeavour II compared to American horses, but I think most racing men will admit that these two made a brave try in the first mile or so of the mile and five furlongs. Fast as he is, Natchez could never get more than a couple of lengths ahead of Ensueño till the latter cracked, and Endeavour II loomed dangerously for a moment at the last turn. There's bound to be a good deal of speculation about how much better the visitors would have run had the track been fast (Endeavour II, particularly, did not seem to like the sloppy going) or had they arrived a week, instead of a fortnight, before the race. My feeling was that both had begun to lose their form (Ensueño certainly appeared nervous), which frequently happens to racers who come from abroad.

If you're in the mood for a little second-guessing about the fadeout of Assault—who in my book is still the best horse we have around—you might put it down to too much work. He had had a tough race in the Butler, and then early in the week he did a mile-and-a-half practice gallop at a racing pace. How much this took out of him is hard to say; at any rate, he wasn't the Assault of the Brooklyn and the Suburban. Arcaro, who rode him, said, after weighing in, that the distance was too great. The last time Assault was beaten was in the Gallant Fox Handicap, also at a mile and five furlongs. I'm more at a loss to explain the dismal showing of Phalanx. He never looked better or more on his toes than he did at saddling time—he reminded me of the way he behaved before he won the Wood—but he just lumbered along in the race. I guess I'll have to blame the going.

Although the Gold Cup wasn't the cosmopolitan affair it was expected to be—because the two English entries and the French one didn't run, and there are more Argentine horses around anyway than there are rumba bands—it was impressive enough.

IT looks as if the King Ranch has an extra-good colt in Better Self, who galloped off with the East View Stakes, Empire City's most important race for two-year-olds. He ought to run well, for his parents are Bimelech and Bee Mac, both of whom carried the colors of E. R. Bradley with considerable distinction. It is with pleasure that I report, too, the return to racing of First Flight, this department's pet filly. She led all the way in a six-furlong sprint at Belmont, the Pinkola, beating Colonel O'F, an early-spring Derby hope, by a nose. It wasn't much of a chore, but she had to begin somewhere.

—AUDAX MINOR



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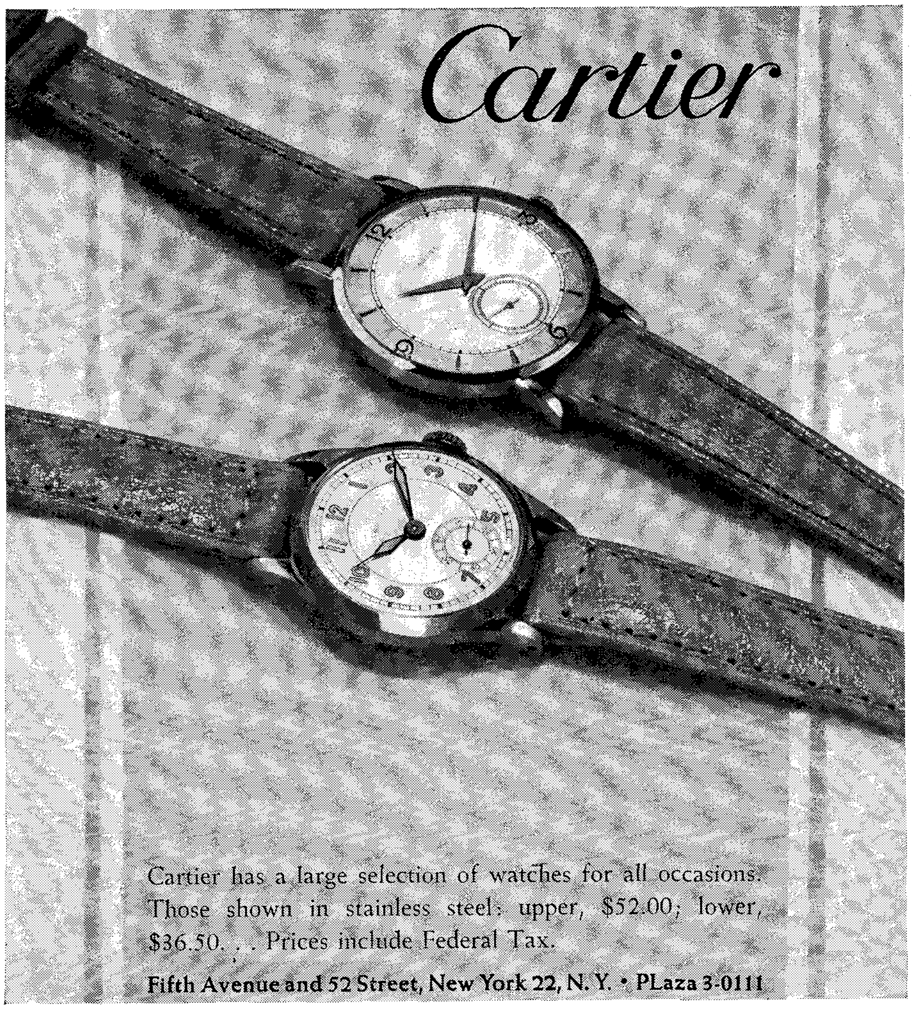

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OF ALL THINGS

REPUBLICAN leaders expect to make a good thing out of the tax issue in the 1948 campaign. They figure that their glamorous tax-cut plan can score an easy victory over President Truman's plain, dull arithmetic.

•

Congratulations are being showered upon Speaker Martin because of the passage of the law making him potential successor to the President. All broad-minded people wish the best of health and long life to both Joe and Harry.

•

Governor Dewey is out in front for the 1948 Republican nomination, but his followers are worried by the persistent MacArthur talk. They'd be happier if they were sure that the General was colorfast and could be guaranteed not to run.

•

Congress wants to extend rent control in the District of Columbia without the fifteen-per-cent increase permitted everywhere else. Washington landlords seem to have picked the wrong place to ply their nefarious trade.

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Mayor O'Dwyer hopes that the moving-picture industry will return to the New York area, where it was born. He appears to think that anything Southern California can do, we can do better.

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The United Nations has received an astonishing telegram from Ethiopia, saying that the country can get along without any relief money. It doesn't even need funds to keep its people from taking up Communism.

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Secretary Patterson, who fought so hard for the unification of the services, is one government servant who did his work too well. He seems to have merged himself out of a good job.

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Many people feel that the loyalty bill approved by the House of Representatives deprives government employees of the right to defend themselves. They say a man might be dropped from the payroll for having his name in Chairman Thomas's gossip column.

•

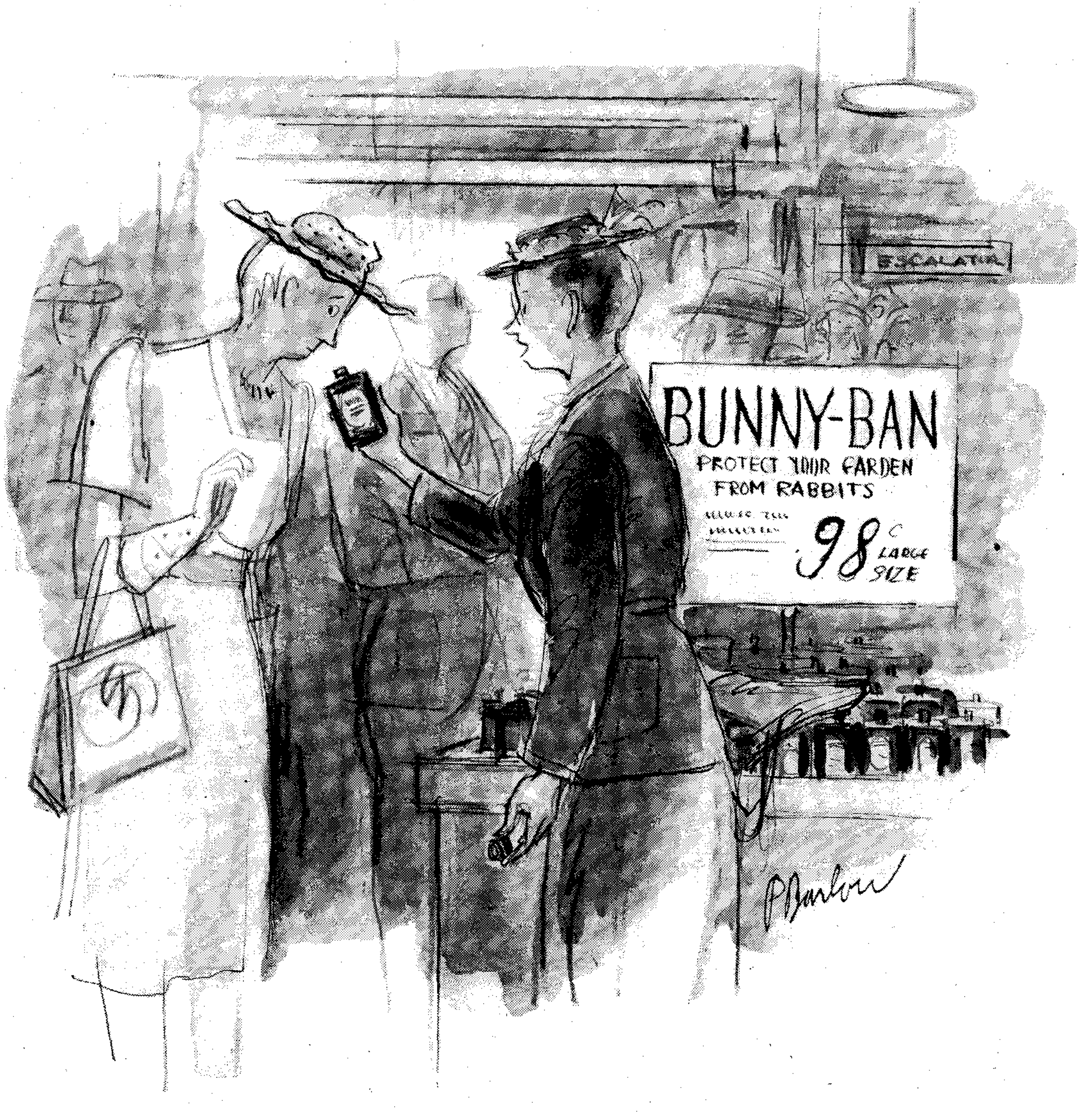
It is reported that ex-King Victor Emmanuel is trying to buy a house in Connecticut. There's some question whether our government will be willing to let down the bars to this displaced personage. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE milliners this year are assuming that clothes for daytime will have natural, or sloping, shoulders, and skirts that reach at least to mid-calf and swing wide. At any rate, that's what most of them appeared to be figuring on in their new fall custom collections. Moreover, all of them—and unanimity in the profession is always surprising—are determined that there shall be no more hats that give a pinheaded or ostrich-necked look. Beanies and skullcaps, therefore, have vanished, and there is no hint anywhere of the bird's-nest-teetering-on-a-pompadour that made everybody look too long in the neck. Instead, the boys and girls favor width, for a change, and there is a tendency to make crowns deeper and wider than they have been for some time. John-Frederics have a hat, with a puffy, tambourine-shaped crown (it looks like one of those gathered shower caps), that measures twelve inches in diameter. The same sort of crown appears on a pink beaver-felt hat, whose broadish brim you can turn up anywhere you like. Sally Victor achieves a nice silhouette with a chunky, loaf-shaped hat (Wideawake is her name for it), broad as a matador's but curving down at the sides to about ear level, and she shows many, many wide, draped crowns with small, arched brims. None of them have the heavy look of the first Paris hats after the Liberation; in fact, they are startlingly becoming, since the width on top makes any face look heart-shaped. Lots of hats, particularly at Daché, dip down in back, and at Daché, too, you'll find turban types that start wrapping at the ear lobes and are likely to zoom high at one side, with feathers and ornaments abetting their Gaby Deslys look. Other hats that hug one or both ears continue the trend toward the cloche. But no matter how hats may cling to the head and/or ears, the face is always completely visible this year, and usually the hairline above the forehead, too; hats that swoop down over the forehead or one cheek are gone.

YOU don't have to worry about Sally Victor's hats. They are what you'd expect—young, lively, and imaginative. She shows toques that tower without being formidable—one in black-and-white striped wool jersey, and one in beige felt, manipulated into folds. (Remember when beige was supposed to be universally becoming? Lots of milliners are beginning to think so again.) Other hats have smooth, arched brims of the bonnet type and crowns that are draped wide and high, with very narrow brims. One is of red velvet, another is of green velours, with feathers up one side, and a third is a golden-beige felt whose draped crown is trimmed with feathers. Victor's Puffballs are exactly that—round felt things that come down to the ears, and even lower in back. They're flapper types, but not as close-fitting; there's a considerable amount of room between the top of your head and the top of the hat. Of the group, my choice is of beige felt, with matching cassowary feathers that shoot both up and down on one side. An evening version is in black felt with gold-and-pearl embroidered edging. Another hat that sits well down over the ears—a dark-green felt affair with a tiny, peaked bonnet brim—has pink feathers darting out over your cheeks. Sally Victor loves crocheted, looped yarn, which gives the appearance of bulk but is nevertheless fluffy. There are little baby bonnets of this yarn (they look almost like wigs) that tie under the chin and achieve the round-headed effect that she is fond of, and white ones, tricked out with red beads here and there, that are almost Eskimo in style. She uses hooked and



"Well, I don't know. What do you think?"

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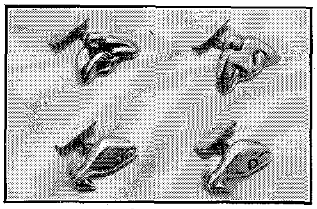

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looped wool yarn to build up her crowns, as in a reddish-brown felt hat with a turned-up brim. The yarn crown is black. And then there are the Wideawakes I've already mentioned, in all sorts of fabric. My favorite is felt.

Parting shot: a beige felt turban, draped upward from the ear lobes, with a beige ostrich brush in front—wonderful, and very 1914, my mother tells me.

YOU'LL never catch John-Frederics without large, dramatic brims that dip and swoop. This year, their fat, flat, and gathered tambourine crowns are used on almost everything—red felt brimmed affairs, bonnets, hats with floppy brims. And, as I said, every hat shows the entire forehead. One black felt job, with a low, wide, puckered tambourine crown, has black glycerine ostrich feathers covering the brim; an off-white beaver-felt hat with a largish brim has an exaggerated beret crown, fastened to the brim with mink heads. The brim of a pinkish-beige beaver felt is sharply turned back, pirate style, and split in a V at the center front; brown wings spray out on either side of the V. Some of the hats have a gathered tambourine crown and a narrow brim, as in the case of a black velvet number with aigrette-type feathers spurting forward on one side. There are profile hats here, among them a black felt beret pulled up high on the left side and coming almost to the shoulder on the right, from which point glycerine ostrich feathers extend down quite a way. This establishment, having already revived the deep cloche, is still working at it. One example has a square crown of yellow felt, each panel of which has folds that make it look like the back of an envelope; it comes well down over the ears and is draped at the sides with honeycomb silk-mesh veiling to give you that cocker-spaniel look. Let's see, now. Next come Venetian bicornes bound with black braid. One of them has veiling under the chin, and on another the veiling is thrown back over the hat. Then, ermine toques have gray chiffon veiling fastened at one side with ermine heads. For winter, there are hats that end in wool jersey scarves, which ought to be a blessing to women who are forever ducking their chins into collars—because of *cold*, not coyness, children.

LILLY DACHÉ's collection has a pre-1914 look, paying great attention to what goes on at the back of the neck and using quantities of wide, twisted drapery on the crowns. Her crowns may be as much as nine and a half inches from front to back, and eight and a half inches across lots. She admires an exaggerated upward swoop on one side; it looks its best in a brown velours brimmed hat with grosgrain ribbon draped to make a wide crown that ends far above the left eyebrow. A sapphire beaver felt with a lofty, puffed crown has a brim that ascends on one side and descends on the other. Then, you might look at an orange beaver felt whose deep crown has a brim that is lower on the face than most and really drops down astern. Other velours hats are in a color Daché calls "brown orchid" (probably because it *is* brown orchid) and have rolled, tilted brims with twisted and draped crowns of grosgrain ribbon. Another hat, in two shades of nasturtium-red velours, does not droop at all; instead, it's very wide and high above the cheekbones. There are many voluminous turbans that sit low over the ears, rise steeply at one side, and have loops and ends of ribbon at the top. This sort of giddy decoration also shows up on simpler things, such as a gray stitched-felt beret that is very high on one side, with delicate feathers shooting still further upward, and very low on the other. Another beret, of black suède cloth, is big and adjustable; I thought it looked best wide and high in front and down in back. Lastly, a gray beaver felt has folds high across the hairline in front and comes well down over the ears at the sides.

BERGDORF GOODMAN, bless them, are still ladylike and citified and tricky. A great many of their hats are adapted from French designs (mainly Paulette, Suzy, and Schiaparelli), but there are also models of their own. There is nothing startling about any of them until you get them on your head, for they are deceptively innocent little things. Most of them have streamers down the back, but they are not at all for school children. This shop has for some time had an interest in the roller hat, and this year's version has a slight tilt, an uneven, turned-back brim, slightly wider on the up side than on the other, and a round crown with no nonsense about it. One roller, of sand-colored felt, is covered with brown veiling to dangle or tie under the chin, as you like. Another, deriving from Schiaparelli, is shown in forest-green felt with red velvet ribbon banding the square crown and making a bow and streamers in back, which nearly conceal two red feather carnations there. Bergdorf has always been wonderful with berets, and still is. There is one of stitched navy wool that has a braid edge and a navy-blue passementerie ornament over the left eye. A gray wool jersey number, shaped something like a sun helmet, has a low, oval crown with a stiffened off-white faille band sewed onto the lower part of the crown and jutting out free at the top. For more formal occasions, a deep-brown hatter's-plush bonnet has pink and brown curled ostrich feathers dripping over the brim. A huge beige felt dress-up hat has a three-inch brim that narrows toward the back; pale-blue and taupe ostrich feathers are stacked across the brim in front and hang over the left side. As for draped affairs, I especially liked a hat of black rayon jersey, made in the form of a draped cap, with black coq feathers high on the left side and drooping low enough to brush the jaw on the other. —L. L.

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*The New Yorker, May 9, 1931*]

Within two years, they believe, television may be installed in such places as theatres and auditoriums for the presentation of sporting events or theatrical productions broadcast from the scene of action. It will take another two years before the equipment is developed to a size and cheapness suitable for the home. Of course, this time may be reduced quite suddenly and unexpectedly by a new discovery, either in the Bell Laboratories or in the workshop of another engineer, but the inventors hold no very high hope for such a discovery. Two years for public performances, two more years for home use, seems the best prophecy.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Reserve News, Military District of Washington*]

Watch for 26 June. Instead of Colonel Ray M. Hare, Ordnance Department, as originally scheduled, we are happy to announce that Major General Everett S. Hughes, Chief of Ordnance, will address the Ordnance Sub-group on the evening of 26 June.

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THE JEWEL IS ON THE LOTUS

A MAN'S voice asked, "Are you an artist?"

I turned and saw that an old gentleman was sitting next to me. He looked distinguished, in a seedy way, and his attire—he wore a wing collar, a black suit, a rusty bowler, and gray suède gloves—was rather formal for sitting on a bench in Washington Square on a warm June day.

"Are you an artist?" he asked me again.

I said I was sorry but that I was not.

"Well," he said, "I thought perhaps you were." He took out his pipe and filled it and then turned to the woman who sat on the other side of him. "A light, please, Miss Brooks," he said. "Or—wait a minute, Miss Brooks. Perhaps my smoking might annoy the lady?"

"She's smoking herself," Miss Brooks said tartly. She was a middle-aged woman, and her face, under the brim of her silk, mushroom-shaped hat, was set in an expression of eternal ennui. She pointed meaningly to her eyes, then at the old gentleman, and mouthed the word "blind" to me. From her accent and nondescript appearance, I judged her to be British and probably the old gentleman's paid companion.

"Then, if I'm not being rude, a light, Miss Brooks, please," the old gentleman said, tamping the tobacco in the bowl of his pipe.

Miss Brooks produced a pack of matches from an enormous raffia bag worked in wild roses, struck a match, and held it to the old man's pipe.

"You're sure I don't offend you?" he asked again. I said not at all. It was so long since anyone had said such a Victorian thing to me that I wished Miss Brooks hadn't told him I was smoking.

"I used to design bookplates," the old gentleman said. "So I thought if you were an artist—" He reached into his pocket and produced a paper bookplate consisting of a printed design of a ship, two people's names, and four lines of verse. So that was it, I thought. He was trying to take orders for bookplates.

"Very nice," I said, "but I have a bookplate already."

"They're not for sale," Miss Brooks said, and flushed a dismal rose. "Mr. Bidlo's cousin, who passed on a year ago, wrote the verses. Mr. Bidlo has hobbies. He was merely showing you. Mr. Bidlo has a very fine jade collection, too."

"How interesting," I said.

"Yes," said Mr. Bidlo.

"It's over in the hotel," Miss Brooks said.

"It must be a pleasant hobby," I said.

"Yes," said Mr. Bidlo.

"Mr. Bidlo would like you to see it, so if you would care to come over to the hotel with us—" Miss Brooks said. "We've been out about long enough anyway. We've already fed the pigeons three times." She got up, swung the raffia bag over one arm, and with the other assisted Mr. Bidlo to rise. "Coming?" she said to me.

I nodded, and the three of us started across the park toward a little hotel with a red awning that was visible on one of the streets just off the square. I had met collectors before, among them a man whose wife trapped me into accepting an invitation to dinner, with the result that I was forced to spend an interminable evening admiring butterflies under glass. I didn't know or really want to know anything about jade, but there was something so irresistible about Mr. Bidlo that I let myself be trapped again.

We went into the hotel, up to the fifth floor, and down a dark corridor. Miss Brooks opened a door with a key, and we entered a small hallway. She took Mr. Bidlo's hat and coat, hung them on a tree, and helped him into a garnet-colored velvet smoking jacket. In a little sitting room beyond, there were two dusty-looking armchairs in tooled velvet, one a faded blue and the other moss green. The walls were covered with pictures. In my first glance at them I saw a triptych, a black-and-white photograph of the Venus de Milo, and a snapshot of a lady with an hourglass figure and a feathered hat. The lady was leading a dog, and I supposed she was the deceased cousin who had written the verses for the bookplate. Beside the blue chair was a cabinet with many drawers. No doubt, I thought with resignation, it contains the collection.

Miss Brooks took Mr. Bidlo's arm briskly and assisted him to the blue chair. She pushed the moss-green one next to it and set a little table with an ashtray on it beside me. "Now," she said to me, "I hope you'll be comfortable."

"Yes," said Mr. Bidlo.

"And here are some matches," Miss Brooks said, putting down a packet with the name of the hotel and the bright-red awning of the front door on its cover.

I stared at the picture of the awning, desperately wishing that I were passing out under it once more, free to sit in the square again, to feed the pigeons, to wander over to Greenwich Avenue and look in the windows of the antique shops. It wasn't only that I was doomed to pass the last hours of a June afternoon locked up in that stuffy hotel room trying to think of the right things to say about jade, but also that I was about to be left alone in the room with a sightless man and a collection that, for all I knew, might be priceless. What if something were missing from Mr. Bidlo's collection a month later, say?

"Aren't you going to stay?" I asked Miss Brooks.

She shook her head. "Mr. Bidlo can handle his collection by himself, in spite of—" She pointed significantly to her eyes. "Can't you, Mr. Bidlo?"

"Certainly," Mr. Bidlo said, reaching for the top drawer of the cabinet.

"I'll just pop off for a bit," Miss Brooks said, and disappeared through velvet portières to the adjoining bedroom, to rejoice in her own pursuits—the writing of letters on light-blue paper, perhaps, or needlepoint, or the brewing of tea over a spirit lamp.

Now that we were alone, the showing began. The first tray held intricately carved white oval medallions. Mr. Bidlo put one in my hand. "Dress ornament," he said. "White jade."

I examined the medallion. "Very pretty," I said lamely.

"They wore them on their costumes as a sash buckle," Mr. Bidlo said, and handed me another carved oval. I was still looking at the two buckles when he handed me a third. Two dragons, it seemed to be, locked in mortal combat.

"Two dragons," said Mr. Bidlo, confirming my conjecture. I was suddenly reminded of Miss Mayfield, an English teacher I once had. She gave parties where people read their own poetry, and later in the evening served cocoa with a marshmallow floating on top. On these occasions, I remembered, she had worn a belt with a dragonlike buckle. "Two dragons," Mr. Bidlo said again, inviting comment. He didn't ask me for the two other medallions. Apparently, he assumed that I would re-

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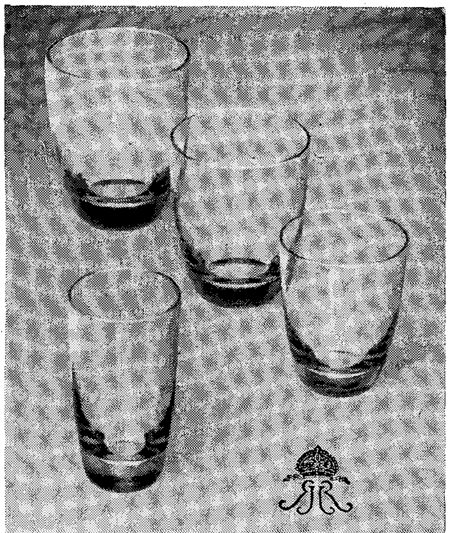

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turn them to their places in the tray. "Here, Mr. Bidlo," I said hastily. "Here are these three pieces."

He took them, ran his fingers over them lightly, returned them to the tray, and picked up a fourth. "Now, this one is rather interesting, perhaps more so than those you have already seen. This carving represents a stag—for longevity—a crane, and a bat—for luck." The stag was of pink jade, the crane of green, and the bat, which clung to the stag's tail, was shining black. This time, I was convinced that I was looking at an object of considerable value.

"Dragons and phoenixes are also auspicious creatures," Mr. Bidlo remarked, handing me a beautiful pink piece before I could give back the stag, bat, and crane combination that glimmered so beautifully in my palm. I heard someone come up behind me, and gave a start. The two pieces of jade tumbled from my hand to the carpet.

"Mind!" said Miss Brooks. She bent to the rug, picked them up, and laid them back in the tray.

"Two of his most valuable," she said reprovingly to me. "His *most*."

She went to the telephone, and for a minute I thought she was going to call the police and report me as a suspicious character. But evidently she was utterly unaware of the sinister possibilities that lurked in the jade collection and its blind owner's artless penchant for showing it to strangers. She took up the telephone, called a drugstore, and ordered some vitamin capsules. "He's all out of them," I heard her say into the telephone, "and the doctor told him . . ."

"Doctor!" Mr. Bidlo said scornfully when she had gone into the bedroom once more. He handed me a tiny figurine of green jade. "This," he said, "is the reclining lady. There is a story about her. A mandarin's wife was taken with severe pains, perhaps appendicitis, and the court physician was called to diagnose her case, which he did. He called it a sick headache." Mr. Bidlo laughed dryly. "That's how reliable doctors are. Anyway, the mandarin's wife is said to have survived, and her figure is used by the Chinese as a symbol of immortality."

"How interesting," I said, and meant it. I was quite fascinated with Mr. Bidlo's jade—and I wasn't going to be caught again with a collection of it in my hand. I quickly handed the reclining lady back to her owner.

The next tray contained Chinese archers' rings, which Mr. Bidlo importuned me to try on my own fingers, so that I could see how minute were the archers' fingers of long ago. Before I knew what I was doing, I had put several jade hoops, green and pink and white, on various fingers.

"The rings," said Mr. Bidlo, as he was about to put the tray back. "Do we have them all here?"

"No," I said apologetically. "Here are four—on my hand." He took them as I handed them to him one by one, and I wondered how anyone could be so guileless. It was both extraordinary and very touching. Next, he produced a drawer full of carved white objects that looked like napkin rings. "Prayer wheels," he said. He revolved one in his hand, murmured a few words of Chinese, and then concluded in English, "The jewel is on the lotus." He went through the same routine with each of the other rings, ending always with "The jewel is on the lotus."

"The green goddess," Mr. Bidlo said, holding out a little figure. "You will note by her side a pink bambino. The Christ tradition came over to China, and when they made a figure of a green goddess after that, they always made her with a bambino. Green and pink." He put the little figure in my hand.

The goddess's green looked like glazed china to me, and the bambino's pink, too—Woolworth's, or Chinatown. It wasn't jade, and it wasn't a museum piece, either, I felt hideously sure. But why couldn't he tell by the touch, I wondered. Collectors are reputed to be able to. Then I saw why. The goddess stood on a little carved stand and he held her by that. Could someone—*had* someone substituted this cheap goddess for Mr. Bidlo's museum piece while he sat there so trustingly? Realization of the gravity of my own position swept over me anew. Somehow I had to get out of there.

"Very nice," I said, trying to make my voice sound calm and natural. I handed him the figure on its pedestal and said, "It's getting on toward dinnertime, Mr. Bidlo. I'm afraid I must be going. I've enjoyed it so much. . . . Don't get up, please. You look so comfortable, sitting there. Say goodbye to Miss Brooks for me."

DOWN in the street, where the shadows were lengthening beneath the trees, I couldn't help looking back to see if I was being followed. In the security of my apartment, I managed to get Mr. Bidlo out of my mind, but he wouldn't stay out. For days I went along the streets expecting to be tapped on the shoulder, and at night I dreamed of Chinese archers who pointed accusing fingers at me. Then, mercifully, one Sunday, my eye caught a paragraph in a newspaper. It was in the *Herald Tribune* book review, I think, and it read something like this: "Porcelain was the supreme and artistic trade secret of China until a nobleman of Saxony took up porcelain research in 1694 . . . "

So that was it! I sighed with relief. Of course the green goddess had been of porcelain and not a substitute at all. It was merely the only thing in the collection that wasn't jade.

After that I went about lightheartedly and slept without dreaming of Orientals. I had almost forgotten about the whole incident until one warm afternoon a month later, when my terrors for Mr. Bidlo and his jade began all over again. I walked down to the square, with no purpose beyond finding a bench. The little park was crowded, and the place I found was quite near the one where I had met Mr. Bidlo. I looked around and saw both him and Miss Brooks there. She was looking more bored than ever and he still looked distinguished—this time in a Palm Beach suit and an aged panama. Sitting next to him was a woman wearing a plaid dress and an enormous hat of Puerto Rican straw. Her eyes were too close together, and personally I wouldn't have trusted her around the corner. While I watched, Mr. Bidlo turned to her with a courteous bow and said, "Are you an artist?"

—Henrietta Fort Holland

•

A POET PACES THE BEACH AT HIGH NOON

Brow muscular with mighty thought
  And body beautiful with brawn,
In hyacinthine trunks as taut
  As tawny skin, he stalks alone,

All the aloof and conscious grace
  Implicit in his virile stride
Of one who, scornful of the race,
  Stands forth its spokesman and its
    guide.

Balanced as adjective and noun
  And metrically matched as rhyme,
How weightily each foot goes down,
  Rehearsing for the sands of time!

—Carolyn Wilson Link

•

I attended the press conference at the home of Josephus Daniels. Wallace sat in the center of the room, his chair against the wall.—*Raleigh (N.C.) News & Observer.*

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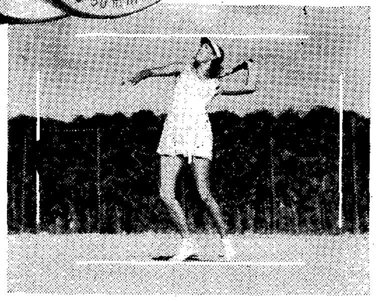

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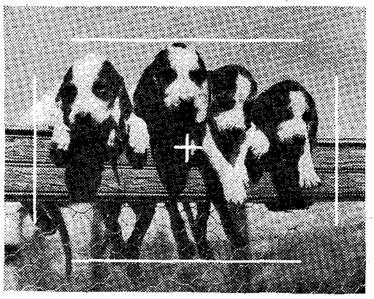

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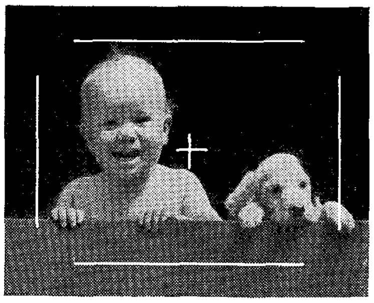

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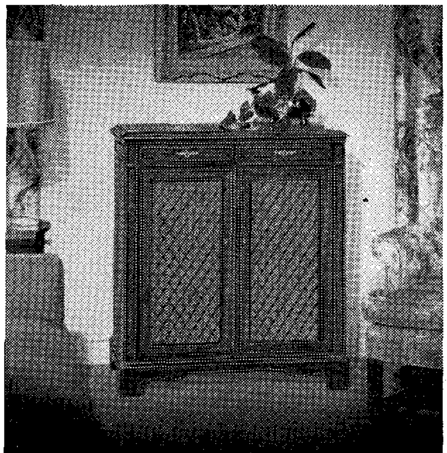

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records

CHARLIE CHRISTIAN, the jazz guitarist, had been in the big time for only two and a half years when he died, at the age of twenty-three, early in 1942, but that was long enough for him to build a reputation that persists. Christian was discovered playing in Oklahoma City in July, 1939, by John Hammond, an itinerant jazz expert, was hired by Benny Goodman, and can be heard on the records that were turned out by the Goodman sextet and band during the next couple of years. Some of the most interesting of Christian's records, however, were made in a Harlem café with a small outfit that he occasionally joined after hours. These records, comprising two selections that take up three sides each, were cut in 1941 by an amateur on the premises and have now been issued by Vox in album VSP-302. They are surprisingly clear; the audience can be heard now and then applauding deft breaks by the soloists, but there are few other extraneous sounds. The truly remarkable thing about Christian's playing in the two pieces—"Stompin' at the Savoy" and "Charlie's Choice," which uses Grieg's "In the Hall of the Mountain King" as a point of departure—is the exquisite quality of his single-string work. It sounds as Goodman himself might sound if he were playing an electric guitar instead of a clarinet. There is that same feeling of complete self-control and ease, never for a moment tightening into agitated effort. The inventions are fanciful and rich, and the rhythm is unerring and constantly alive. Joe Guy, trumpet; Thelonius Monk, piano; Nick Fenton, bass; and Ken Clark, drums, are heard with Christian. Their playing is satisfactory, but it is Christian's entrances that you wait for.

new Records
new Records
new Records
new Records

THERE is another new Vox album (No. VSP-300) of more than ordinary interest, a reissue of some French Polydor recordings made by Louis Armstrong in Paris in 1934. The small band organized for him in Paris was an odd one, which played in several styles, ranging from sweet corn to hot jazz, as if the musicians had never got to know each other very well. The best thing in the set is the two-sided "On the Sunny Side of the Street." I don't know which is more compelling—the half devoted to two bubbling Armstrong vocals, or the one almost entirely given over to his jubilant trumpet. Behind him, the band slips around between styles in the most astonishing fashion. There is also an engagingly distorted "St. Louis Blues," with the cheerfully unconcerned leader singing and playing before a curious background, in which the boys now and then break into a nervous tango rhythm. "Song of the Vipers," in which Armstrong mutters unintelligibly when he is not playing, "Tiger Rag," and "Will You, Won't You Be My Babe?" are the remaining selections. Armstrong's trumpet can be heard in each of them, but they are no match for the other pair. Herman Chittison, by the way, is the pianist, and he provides some brief but splendid solo work. It is possible, of course, that this pickup band was using stock arrangements as a foundation; in any case, the results are strange and likely to be elating only to Armstrong fans.

COLUMBIA, after hunting through its files, has come up with a Duke Ellington album (No. C-127) containing eight sides made between 1932 and 1938 but never before issued. Like the Armstrong set, this collection seems to me to be of a special nature and it will probably be highly regarded only by the Duke's really tireless followers. A blurb on the inside of the album cover airily dismisses the Ellington band of today and insists that the music at hand represents "the one and only Duke Ellington band," but I think most listeners will realize how the unit has grown, despite changes in personnel, from the experimental outfit responsible for these records to an instrument of mature artistic expression. Ivy Anderson, for example, heard in the "Delta Bound" of 1932, improved greatly as a vocalist before she left the band, a few years ago. "Delta Bound," incidentally, contains the only singing in the set. The other pieces are "T.T. on Toast," "I Don't Know Why I Love You So," "Tough Truckin'," "Indigo Echoes" (a sextet performance, which I enjoyed most of anything in the group), "Blue Mood," "Slippery Horn," and "Clouds in My Heart." Some of the first-rate performers heard on these sides who are no longer with Ellington are trumpeters Cootie Williams and Rex Stewart, trombonist Juan Tizol, and clarinettist and saxophonist Barney Bigard. I wouldn't call this an uncommonly rewarding album, but it does offer an interesting comparison with the Duke's recent Musicraft set of concert pieces (No. S-6).

COMMODORE, I'm sorry to say, has somewhat neutralized the fine impression it recently made with a twelve-inch Mel Powell record—featuring the former Benny Goodman pianist as soloist in "Avalon" and his work as an arranger in "Lover Man" (No. 1522)—by combining it with another record, which presents Powell as composer and concert pianist, to make up a Mel Powell album (No. CR-6). His playing of Brahms' Rhapsody No. 3 in E-flat Major, although technically expert, is not exceptional, and his own suite (prelude, fugato, lament, codetta, and fantasia) entitled "Sketches" is merely a series of undistinguished exercises for viola, bassoon, and piano, the piano making its appearance only in the last two of the brief and underdeveloped sections.

THE number of new single records worth your attention is, as usual, small. I found these tempting, though:

OH, LADY BE GOOD! and FLYING HOME—Ella Fitzgerald and an orchestra. Miss Fitzgerald does some monumental riff singing, particularly in "Lady Be Good," in which she turns in a dazzling vocal display all the way. (*Decca 23956*)

A PORTER'S LOVE SONG and SINCE I'VE BEEN WITH YOU—Julia Lee and Her Boy Friends. The Kansas City jazz shouter, who also plays hot-and-heavy piano, sings "A Porter's Love Song" (to a chambermaid and a catalogue of tools of the trade) with her customary gusto. The other number is less ingratiating. (*Capitol 40008*)

I'LL DO THE STRUT-AWAY IN MY CUTAWAY and I'M FEELING MIGHTY LOW—Jimmy Durante and an orchestra. The first is a classic and is treated both reverently and nimbly. The second is negligible. (*M-G-M 30015*)

YOU GOTTA CRAWL BEFORE YOU WALK and AS LONG AS YOU THINK OF ME—The Dardanelle Trio. Dardanelle, who sings and plays piano, accompanied by guitar and bass, offers advice to avaricious girls in the first, and better, work. The other is a routine love song. The trio is accomplished, and Dardanelle sings sweetly and rhythmically. (*Victor 20-2254*)

THAT'S LIFE, I GUESS and BUT I DO MIND IF YA DON'T—Hannah Williams, with Tommy Dorsey and his Clambake Seven. The selections are unimportant, but they mark the return of a musical-comedy star of fifteen years ago, who manages to sound entirely up-to-date and better than most of today's girl singers. (*Victor 20-2302*)

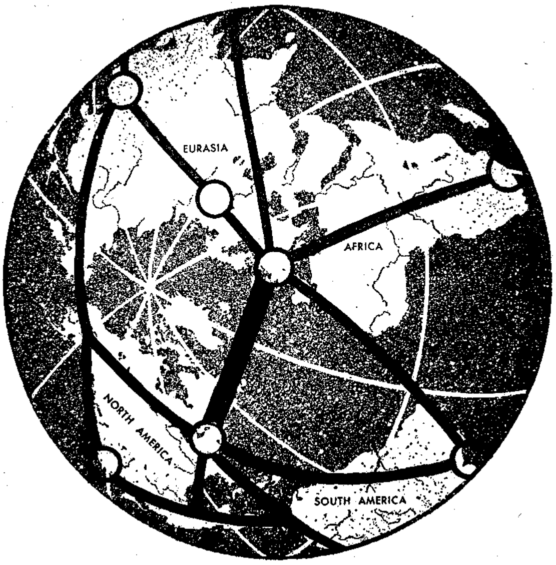
—D. W.

•

Cooking a trout is cooking a trout.—*Clementine Paddleford in the Herald Tribune.*

Next problem.

HERE IS THE PRINCIPAL HEMISPHERE



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J. Parker Van Zandt, former aviation expert for the Brookings Institution, makes you see the world afresh in *France: Hub of the Air World.* Commenting, FREEDOM & UNION finds France and all Western Europe as important to the U. S. today as was the Louisiana Purchase in the oxcart age. It urges the U. S. to federate with Western Europe, instead of spending billions, as some propose, to create a European Union. This European Union, according to another article, would be doomed by its separation from us to be *A Marxist U. S. of Europe.* Dr. Harold C. Urey, famous atomic scientist, writes another powerful argument for a federal union of democracies, *Time for Union of the Free.* These stimulating articles are a few of the many interesting July features.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Lovelorn Dobbin

THE *deus ex machina* in "They Won't Believe Me" is a palomino stallion who loses his heart to a lady who feeds him sugar. When the lady flings herself over a cliff in a moment of despair, the palomino flings himself over too, and this leads, in a manner so labyrinthine that I won't tire you with the details, to the discovery of the lady's corpse, an item the police are anxious to get hold of. In addition to containing a hint of Robinson Jeffers' "Roan Stallion," which dealt with a much more interesting beast, "They Won't Believe Me" is an unhappy mixture of a character study and a mystery story, neither of which is of any particular consequence. The character set up for study is a man of weak morals who has a powerful appeal to women. A mere glance from this chap is sufficient to unnerve a girl, and before the picture is through, one luckless creature is in hysterics and two are on slabs in a morgue. Robert Young, who plays the hero, sulks more often than he smolders, but even when he's at his poutiest the ladies love him dearly. One of them tries to hold him by buying him a partnership in a brokerage house, another by promising to give up a prosperous career as a gold-digger, and a third by assuring him that she'll stick to him after a series of unfortunate episodes has landed him in jail. All of them are unsuccessful in their attempts to net the lad, but Susan Hayward, the gold-digger willing to go straight, comes quite close before she's snuffed out of the film. The palomino, by the way, gives a fairly promising performance.

THE newsreels have revealed something of the horror of the German concentration camps, but none of it has filtered into "We Lived Through Buchenwald." The picture, a Belgian importation, caricatures a tragic story, representing Buchenwald as a small, untidy jail run by a bunch of clownish monsters rather than as the vast sink of misery it was. The acting in the film is ludicrous, and it has been made even worse for American audiences by the addition of a sound track in English which frequently takes off on its own, leaving a Belgian actor with his mouth shut. Only one shot is at all memorable. This shows a legend over one of the entrances to Buchenwald that reads, "*Recht oder unrecht—mein Vaterland!*" The Nazis, apparently, were bright enough to hang their version of this famous slogan where it belonged.

YOU'LL hear sufficient moaning and groaning in "Cry Wolf" to frazzle your nerves for a fortnight, but I don't think the rest of the picture will have any effect on you whatever. It's a mystery piece, in which the widow of a rich young man turns up at the family mansion to claim her due and finds herself in a clutter of lunatics. Barbara Stanwyck and Errol Flynn lead the mad throng through the proceedings.

THERE'S a camel in "Slave Girl" who talks with a Brooklyn accent. This is the high point of the film's humor, which was evidently intended as a huge spoof of the typical Technicolor harem picture and wound up being as boring as any of them.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPT.

[*Last sentence of "Crow Field," by Margaret Currier Boylen*]

As the Northern Lights flicker upward from the horizon, in ravening shafts toward the zenith, their broad white wings beating soundlessly on the black vault of the world, their portals, red and green and the hurrying white, clashing and parting, so the faces of Florence in death swelled, intermingled, separated, turned in deadly struggle, in witless febrile combat, vanished and left, like the bright object seen after the eye is withdrawn from the sun, the sum of horror: the watery dome, the pasturing forehead, crowned and horned, the dazzling poll, the scarp, the broad and wrinkled peak of flesh, the radiant sport, the sparkling hump, the calm no-face of mankind in dreadful motion, eyeless, jawless, bathing and rocketing, feasting and browsing over all its flowering surface upon its own shuddering sides, opening and closing again and yet again upon the unblemished stone returned to the gashed and bleeding fruit.

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[*Press release from the Theatre Guild*]

Written in a spirit of what, for lack of a better classification, might be called "high farce," "Clarence" relates the experience of a young entomologist whom after serving as a draftee in the Army seeks employment in New York.

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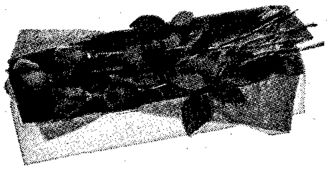

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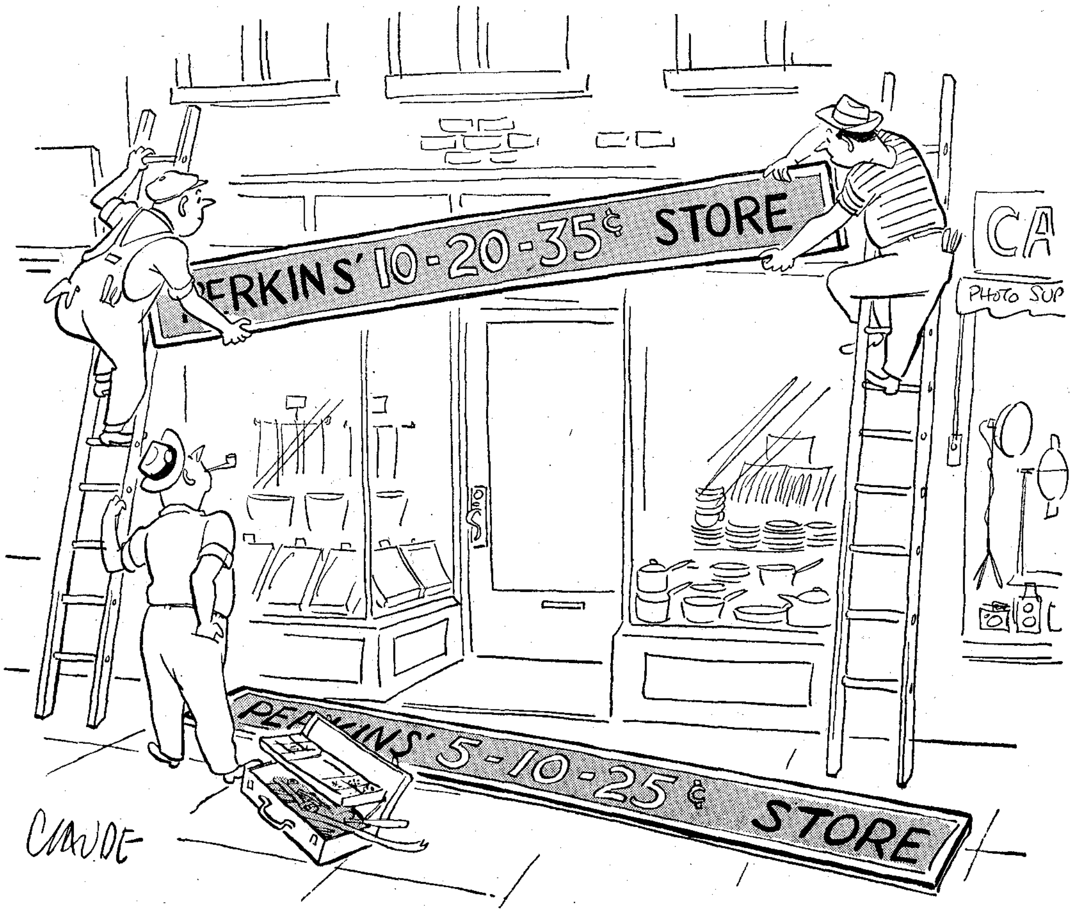
BOOKS

A Dissenting Opinion on Kafka

FRANZ KAFKA is looming on the literary world like the meteorological phenomenon called the Brocken spectre: a human shadow thrown on the mist in such a way that it seems monstrous and remote when it may really be quite close at hand, and with a rainbow halo around it. Since the publication in English of "The Trial," in 1937 ("The Castle" came out in 1930 but did not attract much attention), Kafka's reputation and influence have been growing till his figure has been projected on the consciousness of our literary reviews on a scale which gives the illusion that he is a writer of towering stature. New translations of him are constantly appearing, an endless discussion of his writing goes on, and a new collected edition in German is being brought out in New York. This edition, under the imprint of Schocken Books, is in part a reprinting of the old German edition which the war made unavailable, but, when complete, it will include ten or eleven volumes instead of the original six, with two volumes of Kafka's diaries, two of his letters, and one or two of his miscellaneous fragments, of all of which only selections were given in a single volume before. We may be proud that this admirably produced and authoritatively edited version of a modern German classic, which was begun in Berlin under Hitler and only finished in Prague on the eve of his occupation of Czechoslovakia, should thus have been salvaged from the ruins of Central European culture and brought out in the United States. Schocken has also published, both in German and English, "Franz Kafka: A Biography," by Max Brod, and a translation of a selection of Kafka's "stories and reflections" under the title "The Great Wall of China;" and it has announced some further translations. In the meantime, a translation of "Metamorphosis," one of the most important of Kafka's short stories, has recently been brought out by the Vanguard Press; and "A Franz Kafka Miscellany," which contains translated scraps of Kafka as well as essays on his work, has been published by the Twice A Year Press. A compilation of essays and memoirs called "The Kafka Problem" has been published by New Directions; and "Kafka's Prayer," an interpretation by Paul Goodman, has just been brought out by Vanguard.

These last two volumes, in the first of which the editor, Mr. Angel Flores, has assembled no less than forty-one pieces by writers of all nationalities, oversaturate and stupefy the reader and finally give rise to the suspicion that Kafka is being wildly overdone. One realizes that it is not merely a question of appreciating Kafka as a poet who gives expression for the intellectuals to their emotions of helplessness and self-contempt but of building him up as a theologian and saint who can somehow also justify for them—or help them to accept without justification—the ways of a banal, bureaucratic, and incomprehensible God to sensitive and anxious men. Now, it may make a good deal of difference whether one was born, like the reviewer, in the nineteenth century, when stability and progress were taken for granted, instead of in a period when upheaval and backsliding seemed the normal conditions of life; but, with much admiration for Kafka, I find it impossible to take him seriously as a major writer and have never ceased to be amazed at the number of people who can. Some of his short stories are absolutely first-rate, comparable to Gogol's and Poe's. Like them, they are realistic nightmares that embody in concrete imagery the manias of neurotic states. And Kafka's novels have exploited a vein of the comedy and pathos of futile effort which is likely to make "Kafka-esque" a permanent word. But the two of these novels, "The Trial" and "The Castle," which have become for the cultists of Kafka something like sacred writings, are after all rather ragged performances—never finished and never really worked out. Their themes, as far as Kafka had got, had been developed with so little rigor that Max Brod, when he came to edit them, found mere loose collections of episodes, which he had to piece together as best he could so as to give them a consistent progression, though he was not always able to tell in precisely what order they should come. To compare Kafka, as some of the writers in "The Kafka Problem" do, with Joyce and



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Proust and even with Dante, great naturalists of personality, great organizers of human experience, is obviously quite absurd. As for the religious implications of these books, they seem to me to be practically nil. I agree with Mr. D. S. Savage, who contributes to "The Kafka Problem" one of its most sensible essays, that the trouble with Kafka was that he could never let go of the world—of his family, of his job, of his yearning for bourgeois happiness—in the interest of divine revelation, and that you cannot have a first-rate saint or prophet without a faith of a very much higher potential than is ever to be felt in Kafka.

ALL that insulated and eventually nullified the spiritual charge that he carried is indicated in Max Brod's biography. Franz Kafka was the delicate son of a self-made Jewish merchant in the wholesale-women's-wear business in Prague, a vigorous and practical man, who inspired him with fear and respect, and gave him a lifelong inferiority complex. The son was a pure intellectual, who derived from the rabbinical tradition of the mother's side of the family; but he yielded to the insistence of the father and, though at times reduced to thoughts of suicide, he took his place in the drygoods warehouse. His real interest had always been writing, which represented for him not merely an art but also somehow a pursuit of righteousness—he said he regarded it as a form of prayer—and he finally got himself a job in a workers' accident-insurance office, which left him his afternoons free. He wanted, or thought he ought to want, to get married, but his relationship with his father seems to have deprived him of sexual self-confidence. He became engaged to a girl whom he described as "wholesome, merry, natural, robust;" and, after five years of gruelling hesitation, developed tuberculosis, on purpose, in his own opinion, to make it impossible for him to marry. He was by this time, we get the impression, too much at home in his isolation to be able to bring himself to the point of taking the risk of trying to get out of it; and he now, at the age of thirty-six, addressed to his father an enormous letter (never yet printed in full), an apologia for his own life, in which he seems to have blamed his failure on him. Later he did get away to Berlin. He had found an intellectual girl who studied Hebrew with him and whom he seems really to have wanted to marry. Her orthodox Chassidic father was forbidden by the rabbi to allow it when Franz confessed that he was not a practicing Jew; but the girl, in revolt against her family tradition, set up housekeeping with him and took care of him. Though he was eager now to work and to live, his disease had left him little time, and, after less than a year of this life, he was dead at forty-one.

The connection of all this with what Kafka wrote is made plain by his friend Max Brod in a book full of understanding. Herr Brod—whom the more metaphysical Kafkians tend to accuse of Philistinism—has, it seems to me, precisely the merit of looking in Kafka's work less for divine than for human meanings. That Kafka was weak-willed, that he was psychologically crippled, Max Brod is quite ready to admit, since he had made it his task during Kafka's life to keep his morale up and make him work. He did stimulate Kafka to write and to have a few of his stories published, but he was very much less successful in his efforts to get him to break with his family. Other people escape from their parents, protests Herr Brod in astonishment and sorrow, so why on earth couldn't Kafka? Why *should* he have allowed his father so to crush and maim his abilities? Why, the reader may second Max Brod, remembering one of Kafka's most effective stories, should this artist have gone on past boyhood accepting the role of cockroach for which, like the hero of "Metamorphosis," he had been cast by the bourgeois businessman? Well, the cards were stacked against poor Kafka in an overpowering way. His impotence was that of a man constitutionally lacking in vitality and walled in by a whole series of prisons that fitted one into the other like diminishing Chinese eggs. There was, first, the strangling father relationship; then the pressure of the tight little group of the Jewish orthodox family; then the constraints of the Jewish community incompletely emerged from the ghetto (Brod points out that the problems of Kafka's heroes are often those of the Jew among semi-alien neighbors—that the wanderer of "The Castle," for example, is always trying to get himself accepted; he might have added that Joseph K., in "The Trial," is constantly

pursued for some crime which he is not aware of having committed); then the boredom and the spiritual starvation of the writer tied down to business hours—with the impression of hopelessness made on him by the workers who came to his office in the attempt to collect their insurance and who were met by all sorts of evasions and subjected to endless delays ("How modest these men are," he once said to Max Brod. "They come to us and beg, instead of storming the institute and smashing it to little bits"); then the deep-seated inhibitions which seem to have made his love affairs difficult; then the position of the Czechs in the Austrian Empire as an oppressed and somewhat scorned minority; then the privations of a defeated Central Europe, blighted, among other plagues, by the tuberculosis that undermined Kafka. This bewildered and darkened captivity, which may have seemed at the time rather special, was later to become, in Europe, more or less the common lot, and Kafka's fantasies were to gain a validity which could hardly have been foreseen—when, under the rule of the Nazis and the Soviets, men were to find themselves arrested and condemned on charges that had no relation to any accepted code of morals or law, or were driven from place to place to labor or to fight by first one then another inhuman, unpetitionable government, which they hadn't the force to defy or the intellect to grasp and disintegrate.

BUT must we really, as his admirers pretend, accept the plights of Kafka's abject heroes as parables of the human condition? We can hardly feel toward Kafka's father, whose aspect Kafka's God always wears, the same childish awe that Kafka did—especially when the truth is that Kafka himself can't help satirizing this Father-God as well as his own pusillanimity in remaining in bondage to him. A good deal has been made of the influence on Kafka of the Danish theologian Kierkegaard; but we learn from Max Brod that Kafka was at least equally influenced by Flaubert, and his work is full of a Flaubertian irony which the critics have tended to disregard. There is a story of Kafka's, for example, called "Investigations of a Dog" (included in "The Great Wall of China"), in which a dog is supposed to be inquiring into certain rather puzzling phenomena that are basic to the dog world. Where, he asks, does the food for dogs come from? The conventional explanation—which all right-minded dogs have been taught—is that this food comes out of the earth and is elicited by

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watering the earth and by singing incantatory hymns and performing ritual dances. Yet, as the scientist-dog has observed, the dogs, when they are invoking food, look not down toward the ground but up. Why *do* they look up, and is this essential? Then there are other unsolved problems: the dogs that roll over in unison and walk on their hind legs to the sound of mysterious music, and the small, dandified dogs that seem to float through the air. The point is, of course, that the dogs have had their own reasons for pretending that human beings do not exist. Now, if you read the interpretations of this story which have recently been appearing, you will gather that it is simply an allegory of the relation of man to God—though the analogy does not hold, in view of the fact that the dogs *can* perfectly well see their masters, as man cannot do God, and are dependent on them in a practical way. Kafka remarked of this story, started—and never finished—not long before he died, that it was his "Bouvard et Pécuchet," by which he must certainly have meant, not merely, as he said, that he thought it was a late work rather lacking in vitality, but also that it had something in common with Flaubert's most contemptuous indictment of the pettiness and ineptitude of the bourgeoisie. The sting of Kafka's story resides in the reluctance of the dogs to admit that they are in servitude to men—so that they have all entered into a conspiracy to conceal this fact from themselves, and even their boldest thinker cannot allow himself to find out the secret because it would rob him of his own self-respect. This is much less like an edifying allegory of the relations between God and man than like a Marxist-Flaubertian satire on the parasites of the bourgeoisie.

I do not deny that the enslaver, the master, is often given, in Kafka's stories, a serious theological meaning; but this side is never developed in anything like equal proportion to the ironical, self-mocking side. Is the man condemned to death in "The Trial," and finally convinced of his guilt for some crime which is never named, really either adapted or intended to illustrate Original Sin?—or is Kafka not rather satirizing the absurdities of his own bad conscience? In "The Castle," there is also self-irony, but, besides this, a genuine wistfulness in K.'s longing to settle down and find a modest place in life for himself. But neither—unless one takes them as parodies of the Calvinist doctrine of Grace—seems to me to possess much interest as the expression of a religious point of view. The Christian of "Pilgrim's Progress" had obstacles to overcome and required moral fortitude to meet them; but all the struggling, such as it is, that is done by Kafka's K. is against an omnipotent and omniscient authority whose power and lights he can never share but to whose will he is doomed to succumb. And Dante, whose religious vision is all an exercise in control and direction, makes even his pagan Ulysses urge his men not to sleep before evening and tells them they were not made "to live like brutes but to follow virile courage and knowledge;" whereas Kafka is at his most characteristic when he is assimilating men to beasts—dogs, insects, mice, and apes—which can neither dare nor know. On the other hand, for me, these stories too often forfeit their effectiveness as satires through Kafka's rather meaching compliance, his little-boylike respect and fear in the presence of the things he would satirize: the boring diligence of commercial activity, the stuffiness of middle-class family life, the arid reasonings and tyrannous rigidities of Orthodox Judaism (which have a good deal in common with those of our old-fashioned Puritan Protestantism).

If, however, one puts Kafka beside writers with whom he may properly be compared, he still seems rather unsatisfactory. Gogol and Poe were equally neurotic, in their destinies they were equally unhappy; and if it is true, as Mr. Savage says, that there is present in Kafka's world neither personality nor love, there is no love in either Gogol or Poe, and though there are plenty of personalities in Gogol, the actors of Poe, as a rule, are even less characterized than Kafka's. But, though the symbols that these writers generate are just as unpleasant as Kafka's, though, like his, they mostly represent the intense and painful realization of emotional culs-de-sac, yet they have both certain advantages over Kafka—for Gogol was nourished and fortified by his heroic conception of Russia, and Poe, for all his Tory views, is post-Revolutionary American in his challenging, defiant temper, his alert

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and curious mind. In their ways, they are both tonic. But the denationalized, discouraged, disaffected, disabled Kafka, though for the moment he may frighten or amuse us, can in the end only let us down. He is quite true to his time and place, but it is surely a time and place in which few of us will want to linger—whether as the stunned and hypnotized helots of totalitarian states or as the citizens of freer societies who have relapsed into taking Kafka's stories as evidence that God's law and man's purpose are conceived in terms so different that we may as well give up hope of ever identifying the one with the other.

"One must not cheat anybody," says Kafka, in an aphorism which has been much applauded, "not even the world of its triumph." But what are we writers here for if it is not to cheat the world of its triumph? In Kafka's case, it was he who was cheated and never lived to get his own back. What he has left us is the half-expressed gasp of a self-doubting soul trampled under. I do not see how one can possibly take him for either a great artist or a moral guide.

—EDMUND WILSON

VERSE

A HEALTHY and civilized poetry should be able to express anything. It should be varied, comprehensive, and flexible. Experiments in the larger poetic forms have in our period lagged far behind experiments in poetic texture—experiments, that is, in language as such. Modern poets have been haunted by the now completely outdated formal poetic play. Shakespearean drama has cast a particularly strong spell over poets writing in English. The nagging belief that somehow the poetic drama could be restored to its former immense prestige has hampered the most gifted of contemporaries. Even Eliot and Auden have succumbed to the temptation to tinker with decrepit old dramatic machines. Recently, however, Auden has given up these attempts and has applied himself, singlehanded, to the task of actually creating new, semi-dramatic structures. He has already written an "Oratorio." His new work, "The Age of Anxiety" (Random House), bears the subtitle "A Baroque Eclogue." In this long poem, a series of conversations, dramatic monologues, and occasional songs, he tries to crystallize to some degree the fluidity and complexity of modern character, and at the same time, as a dramatic poet should, to stylize the commonplace, everyday scene and event.

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fighting it out against Fate, are no longer fully satisfying or evocative to a modern audience. In a period when values are uneven, when motives are warped and masked, when the citizenry does not know exactly who it is or where it is, a poetic form is called for that combines short surveys of the situation at large with detailed inquiries into individual human types. An eclogue, as any professor will tell you, is a pastoral poem in the form of a conversation—pastoral and primitive in the time of Theocritus, and highly sophisticated during the eighteenth century. Auden's adjective "baroque" suggests the fanciful. His eclogue, far from being pastoral, starts with a conversation in a city bar, goes off into a dream sequence, proceeds (with dialogue, monologue, and song) to the apartment of the single female character, and finally frays out in the subway and the city streets. Practically nothing happens, yet a good many matters are analyzed by means of that poetic "reason" in which the happy guesses of the imagination, as well as the oddest suggestions of fancy, play a part. While his characters occupy themselves in furnishing various answers to their own questions (Why do I feel so queer? Is it the general situation or is it I? Who are all these other people, and are they baffled in the same way that I am baffled?), Auden takes on a subsidiary task—to point up and freshen the language with which they communicate with one another. Avoiding the more threadbare English metres, he works in a closely stressed line reminiscent of Anglo-Saxon prosody. He also uses alliteration with great vigor and freedom, exploring its more elegant as well as its massive and powerful possibilities. Again, he makes use, when the occasion requires, of archaic and obsolete words, not as a casual affectation but in order to weight, diversify, and amuse, and he deals easily with the American vernacular; witness his superb stylization of the radio commercial. Here experimental language, rescued from the useless doldrums into which the Surrealists have forced it, is restored as a useful tool in the serious poet's equipment.

This modern eclogue is clearly transitional, but by intention, not by chance. And the characters never lapse into the dullness of allegory. They are symbols, but with enough admixture of human reality to make them interesting and plausible. The general tone of the poem is that of high comedy and of satire. Auden is not attempting to plumb the deepest labyrinths of the heart and mind. He is making a survey of con-

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temporary manners and morals on the basis of what he considers the highest sort of ideal—the Christian. But he allows crosslights from other ideals to fall upon his scene; see Rosetta's speech on Israel, for example.

Auden has now reached a middle period, in which it is difficult for any poet not to indulge in self-repetition or self-parody. He has largely managed to dodge both these traps. His inventive powers, both in language and form, are still enormous, and it is delightful to watch him go about the task of revivifying old rules. Assonance, consonance, alliteration, an ancient, closely stressed rhythm—all these poetic procedures he frees from the books of rhetoric, so that they again function in living poetry and can be enjoyed. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE EAGLE ON THE PLAIN, by Victor Wolfson (Simon & Schuster). A story—which barely escapes whimsey in the telling—of a decaying crossroads village in upstate New York and, especially, of one of its young men, whose ambition to make a name for himself finds a pathetic and grotesque outlet when he becomes a carnival entertainer. Mr. Wolfson is a good storyteller, if a bit too consciously mellow, but unfortunately he has tacked on to his effective narrative a regular tear-jerker of an ending. It is, though, to the author's credit that he has done this less in cold blood than because he seems to have fallen in love with his reckless, pitiful hero.

GENERAL

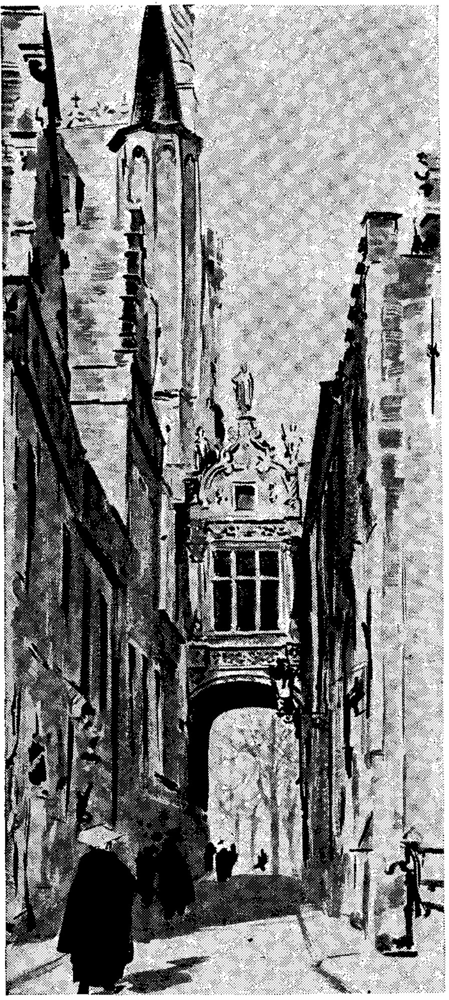
LINDEN ON THE SAUGUS BRANCH, by Elliot Paul (Random House). Memories of Mr. Paul's boyhood in the little Massachusetts town of Linden, which make up a book quite unlike any other of this popular genre. Mr. Paul begins his loosely strung narrative with the story of a virginal young schoolteacher who, on her way home one winter afternoon, saw her name written in the snow by an anonymous admirer and by a method that was perfectly plain even to her. This regrettable incident, which resulted in the lady's having a nervous breakdown, is used by the author as a base from which to plunge into the middle of the life of the town and as a means of introducing the residents of the village, most of whom eventually become involved in the affair—the doctor, the horsecar driver, the topers at the local hotel, the parson, and the loafers around the blacksmith shop. As he goes along, Mr. Paul drifts into discussions of the everyday activities of a more easygoing, if not a more innocent, age. Sometimes he seems possessed of suspiciously total recall, and occasionally his writing is sloppy, but these are only minor criticisms of a consistently entertaining and observant book.

REPORT ON THE GERMANS, by W. L. White (Harcourt, Brace). The bulk of Mr. White's report is made up of interviews with Germans of practically every political persuasion (except Nazi) whom the author met during a recent sojourn in occupied Berlin. Mr. White talked to a good number of Germans, but except for his reportorial skill in making them seem real, the interviews do not prove anything except that there are good, bad, and indifferent people in Berlin. In the last portion of his book, he discusses, in his well-known emphatic manner, what he calls the lack of realism in Allied policy toward Germany, both during and after the war, maintaining that we have muffed our chance to build up a free and democratic German state as a bastion against Soviet Russia.

THE OTHER KINGDOM, by David Rousset (Reynal & Hitchcock). An abstract and literary approach to the subject of Nazi concentration camps. M. Rousset, a member of the French underground who spent sixteen months in Buchenwald, Neuengamme, and similar establishments, is not particularly concerned with details and specific incidents of life at the camps; instead, he attempts to analyze the pathology of National Socialism. In many ways, this is the most terrifying and significant account yet printed of Nazi inhumanity, because it makes the most sense. The author understood exactly what was going on around him—the mystic need of the S.S. to satisfy an inborn contempt for mankind, and the masters' delight in setting up little bureaucracies among prisoners and then watching them beat and kill each other until human dignity no longer existed. "Normal men do not know that everything is possible," M. Rousset says in summation. "The concentrationees do know."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE TERRIFIED SOCIETY, by Hildegarde Tolman Teilhet (Doubleday). Another pursuit story, this



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time with an American Fascist as the quarry. Thomas Jarrot, who stirs up race riots in the South, is forced to hotfoot it for Guatemala after one of his plots misses fire, and he gets into even more trouble there. A vengeful young lady is involved in bringing him to heel, aided by a Mr. Hook, a State Department representative, who appeared in this author's preceding thriller. The job is uneven, and the story would be far more alarming if it weren't quite so long.

HATE WILL FIND A WAY, by Marten Cumberland (Doubleday). Manette Segru, a divorcée who likes to dress up as Salome, is found dead in an empty lot in Paris. Commissaire Dax, as efficient as ever, sorts out the many suspects, most of whom hang out in very shady night clubs, and finally puts his finger on the guilty one. Good, unostentatious detection against a convincing background.

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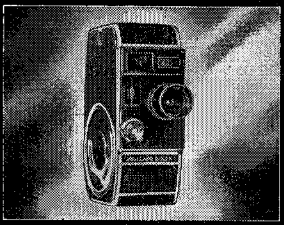

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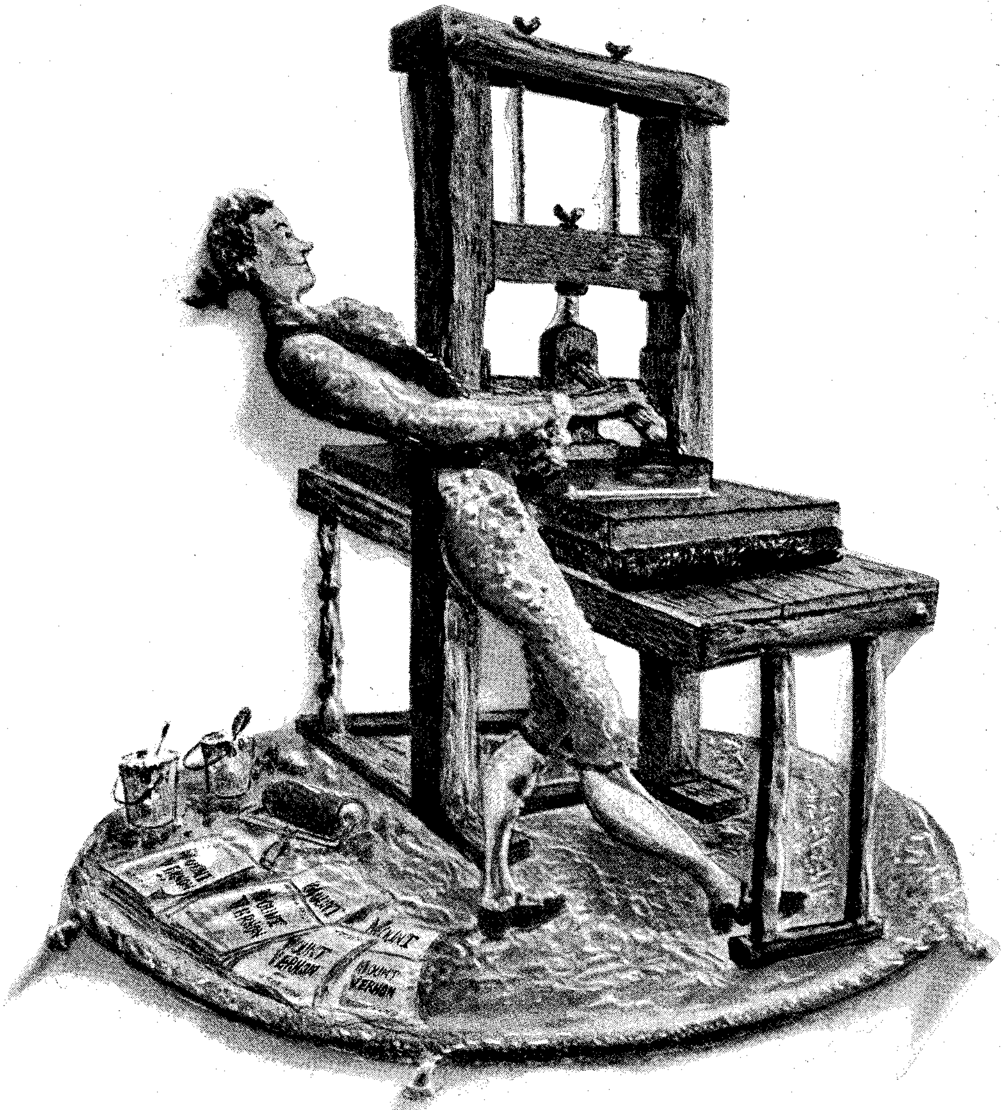
MOUNT VERNON
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MOUNT VERNON
MOUNT VERNON

The book shows good Mount Vernon
as the finest kind of rye

And the printer's taste has told him
it does more than please the eye.

It's delicious, it's delectable, it's mild
and blended light.

So when you say Mount Vernon
you're more than sure you're right!

M
MOUNT VERNON
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RYE WHISKEY
A BLEND
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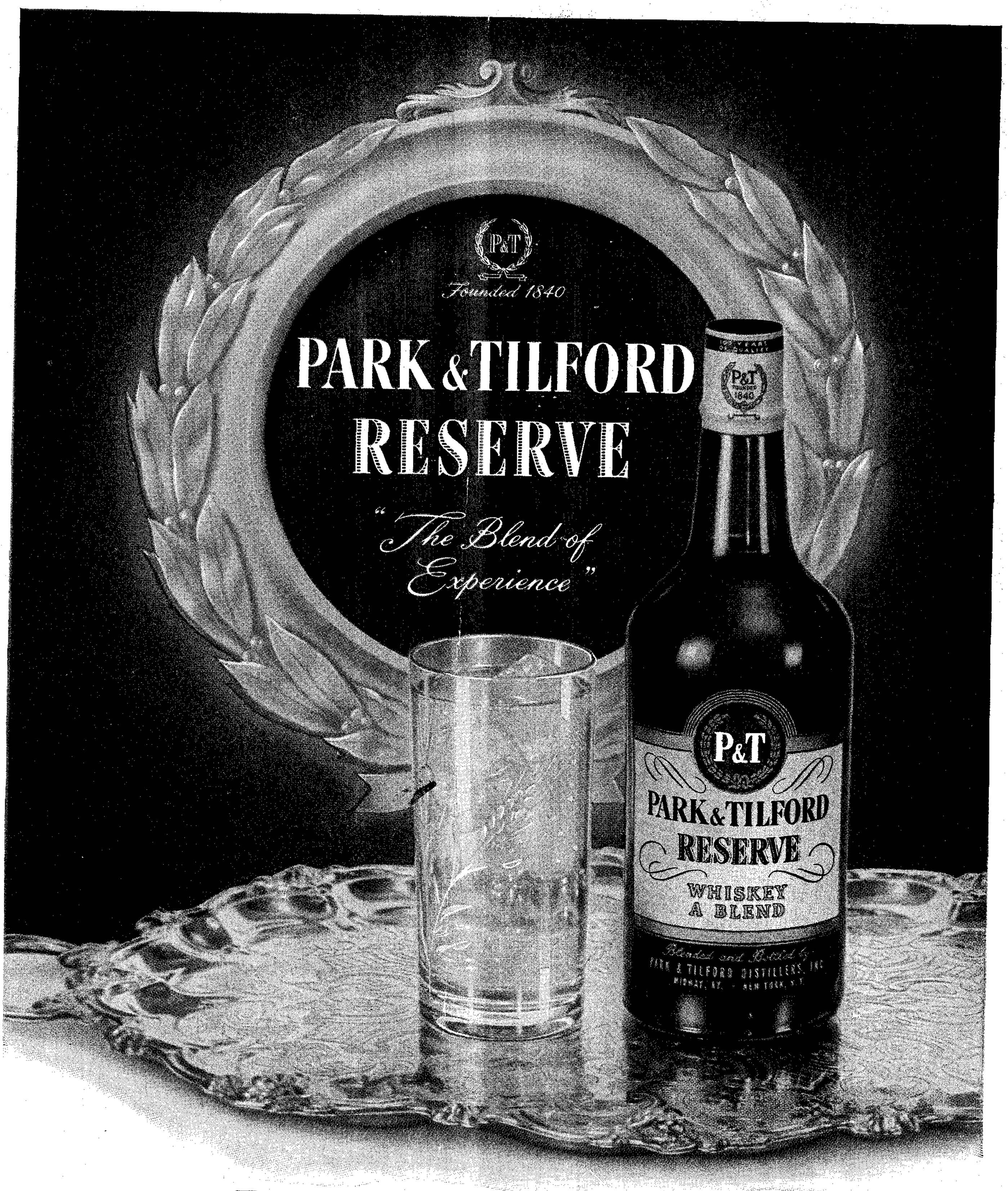
Brand
Rye Whiskey
A Blend

86.8 Proof • 51% Straight Whiskey • 49% Grain Neutral Spirits • Copyright, 1947 • National Distillers Products Corporation • New York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RESERVE
"The Blend of Experience"
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WHISKEY
A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
MIDWAY, KY. - NEW YORK, N.Y.

Behind every bottle is the quality-tradition of Park & Tilford and the knowledge gained in over a century of experience. That is why it is—

"the finest-tasting whiskey of its type in America

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS